THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS
for September, 1930

Articles

BRITAIN LOOKS AHEAD
I. DARK HOURS IN ENGLAND ..... *André Siegfried* 10
II. YOUNG ENGLAND SPEAKS ..... *Randolph Churchill* 12
III. A NATION ON ITS KNEES ..... *'Yaffle'* 17
RUSSIA PRESENT AND FUTURE
I. RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC FUTURE ..... *Nikolaus Basseches* 20
II. MOSCOW AS I SAW IT ..... *A 'New Statesman' Correspondent* 24
I PLUNGE INTO THE GANGES ..... *Ayi Tendulkar* 27
NEGLECTED SCANDINAVIA
I. THE FORGOTTEN COUNTRIES ..... *G. Malcolm Thomson* 32
II. A VISIT TO SWEDEN ..... *William Martin* 35
CHRISTIANITY TO-DAY ..... *The Very Reverend W. R. Inge* 40
GERMANY'S CITY OF ROBOTS ..... *Hans Natonek* 48
THREE LETTERS ..... *Marcel Proust* 63
THE HEART OF ARABIA ..... *Leopold Weiss* 69
MAETERLINCK'S BOOK ON ANTS ..... *Léon Daudet* 75
NIETZSCHE IN LOVE ..... *Dr. Erich F. Podach* 79

Departments

PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
ALDOUS HUXLEY'S PROGRESS ..... *André Maurois* 52
CONAN DOYLE'S LAST WORDS ..... *W. R. Titterton* 55
LORD BEAVERBROOK ..... *A French Editor* 58
SIR JOHN SIMON ..... *Harold Laski* 60
BOOKS ABROAD 85
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 93
AS OTHERS SEE US 99
CORRESPONDENCE 104
COMING EVENTS 106
WAR AND PEACE 110

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Foreign postage, except Canada, $1.00. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1930, by The Living Age Company, New York

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

WE ARE HAPPY to announce several innovations heretofore urged by our readers. First and foremost is the change to a monthly date of issue, with increased volume, which not only allows us to include longer individual articles and a greater variety of them, but makes possible a more effective grouping of our material and the presentation in each number of a better balanced picture of the world we live in. Then, too, we are devoting a generous portion of our space to material of a literary nature and have resumed two departments, 'Persons and Personages' and 'Books Abroad,' of which many of our friends approved heartily when they were formerly carried in the magazine, and have missed sorely since the space limitations incident to our semimonthly publication schedule crowded them out.

IT HAS always been a cardinal tenet of THE LIVING AGE that one of the most important guaranties for world peace is the existence of cordial relations between Great Britain and the United States. Articles which have enabled our readers to appreciate England's problems, 'tending to produce a more sympathetic attitude toward England's position on international questions,' as a distinguished correspondent recently expressed it, have found frequent place in our pages. Accordingly, three interpretations of modern England are presented in this number.

André Siegfried, the author of *America Comes of Age*, in the course of which, incidentally, he emphasized the fundamental unity of the English-speaking world, turns his attention to British problems, which he is now studying in detail on the spot. Then comes young Randolph Churchill, Oxford undergraduate, son of Winston Churchill and descendant of the illustrious Duke of Marlborough. He speaks for the youth of England in general and for the Conservative young man in particular. Our third article, ostensibly of a humorous nature, represents the very opposite pole of political opinion from that held by the Churchill family. A left-wing Laborite expresses his conviction that the financial interests in London are superseding Parliament as the real governing body of the country.

WHAT with the Congressional investigation of 'Red propaganda' in America and the Amtorg's placid threat to place orders in Europe rather than in the United States, Russia has become more than ever a subject of direct concern to the American business man. Two articles from Moscow give an idea of what may be expected in that quarter. A special correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna says that the Five-Year Plan will succeed but that it will not bring about the hoped-for millennium. To balance this somewhat statistical and economic discussion of Russia's future we also present a description of Moscow's daily life written by an English visitor who dwells chiefly on the informal, human element.

INDIA remains to many of us the most fascinating and dramatic problem in the world. We have already set forth the British and the native cases on independence—an issue that will hang fire until the Round-Table Conference meets in London in September. Meanwhile we offer a singular contribution from a high-caste Hindu who returns to his native land after drinking in the culture of Europe, yields for a moment to a fit of religious ecstasy, and then emerges more ashamed of his fellow countrymen's shortcomings

(*Continued on page 108*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

September, 1930 *Volume 339, Number 4368*

The World Over

RAMSAY MACDONALD has explained in advance that the forthcoming Imperial Conference of Prime Ministers representing all members of the British Commonwealth of Nations will concentrate on tariff problems. No longer will economic matters be discussed at a separate meeting as happened in 1926: the world depression in trade has overshadowed politics and even politicians. We have, for instance, included in our group of leading articles on present British problems a seemingly frivolous but deeply significant attack on a powerful group of London bankers who created a parliamentary crisis when they published a manifesto urging the adoption of Lord Beaverbrook's scheme for Empire free trade. What this all means is that Great Britain is witnessing the decline of the statesman and the rise of the banker, not only as the real but as the acknowledged leader of the country, and in the light of this development the manifesto in question seems worth printing in full:—

> It is resolved that urgent measures for the promotion of inter-imperial trade are needed to secure and extend the market for British products, both at home and through the export trade.
>
> Bitter experience has taught Great Britain that the hopes expressed four years ago in a plea for the removal of the restrictions upon European trade have failed to be realized. The restrictions have been materially increased, and the sale of surplus foreign products in the British market has steadily grown.
>
> While we retain the hope of an ultimate extension of the area of free trade throughout the world, we believe that the immediate step for securing and ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tending the market for British goods lies in reciprocal trade agreements between the nations constituting the British Empire.

As a condition of securing these agreements Great Britain must retain her open market for all Empire products, while being prepared to impose duties on all imports from all other countries.

To have such a policy indorsed by the most considerable financiers in the country encouraged the Beaverbrook press to advance still more ambitious claims. The victory of the Conservative Party in Canada was appropriated by the 'Empire Crusaders' as their own, although it actually represents retaliation against the Hawley-Smoot Bill, desire for a change from nine years of Liberal rule, hope for alleviation of the present depression, and undiluted nationalism. Mr. Bennett, the new Premier, is coming to London to strike the best bargain he can by offering imperial preference, but he has never announced an intention of hampering Canada's infant industries by favoring the established concerns of the mother country.

NORMAN ANGELL some twenty years ago wrote a book called *The Great Illusion*, which demonstrated the futility of war and earned him the reputation of a major prophet. He now occupies a seat in Parliament as a member of the Labor Party and conducts a magazine called *Foreign Affairs* in which he discusses with remarkable penetration the more urgent problems of the day. His words on free trade in Great Britain have a timely and original ring:—

No impartial observer will minimize the strength which the Empire free-trade campaign has recently assumed. Six months ago its influence was decided. But when one trade-union gathering after another adds its influence to that of a very important group of bankers, heretofore always regarded as naturally free-trade in their tendencies; when Chambers of Commerce in cities which were yesterday very citadels of free trade vote overwhelmingly in favor of tariffs; when leaders of political parties humbly bow to winds that blow thus—we must be aware that this issue is going to enter once more into the electoral arena.

The present situation is interesting as showing the reaction of the internal condition of states upon the international situation. Because the solution of the unemployment problem in Britain has so far missed fire, the result may be a profound change in Britain's relation to the League, to Europe's efforts at unification. If it was rain that rained away the corn laws, it may be a state of unemployment which is destined to sweep away the free-trade policy of nearly a century, and turn Britain from being, as she has been on the whole during a century, an internationalist influence to being a highly nationalist one.

ARISTIDE BRIAND'S project for a federated Europe must wait until the German elections of September 14 are over, and even if the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberal element in the Reich should surprise the prophets and prove successful at the polls, a united Europe will not be assured. England's Labor Government has remained stubbornly faithful to that country's immemorial policy of isolation and even the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* criticizes the Briand plan, first on the ground that it will weaken the League of Nations and secondly because it offers no constructive suggestion like Continental free trade or disarmament. Meanwhile the French Foreign Office pursues its way undismayed by the unanimous warnings of the powerful Nationalist newspapers in Paris, whose editors are speaking for the majority in the present Chamber of Deputies when they urge the construction of more forts and the development of the air force as the only sensible reply to Germany's present hostility.

But this does not deter Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of *Le Matin* and a mouthpiece for M. Briand, from calmly describing the friendly relations that should be cultivated between the League and the President of the European Federation. He says that the first session of the All-European Conference must be devoted to fixing the statutes of the new institution, which, he points out, will cherish nothing but the friendliest of sentiments toward all other continents. Although the *Manchester Guardian* hopes that the British reply to M. Briand will discourage any further negotiations, M. Sauerwein blandly prophesies further action by September 15. This is perhaps an optimistic forecast. The German reply, though friendly in spirit, used M. Briand's own arguments to prove the exact opposite of his original case. Hungary asked flatly for treaty revision and Italy was almost insulting. Perhaps this is all that M. Briand expected, but only if his hopes are very modest can he feel that his recent efforts have succeeded.

ENOUGH EDITORIALS entitled 'Germany at the Crossroads,' 'What Next in Germany?', 'The German Elections—and After' have appeared abroad to indicate that nobody knows what to expect next in the Reich. The following elements, however, must be reckoned with. First of all there is Hindenburg, the only strong man in a country that worships strength, who has found it easier to indulge his reactionary proclivities since the death of Stresemann and the evacuation of the Rhineland than he has in the past. He sided with the Steel Helmet Organization against the Socialist Government of Prussia, he backed up Brüning's reactionary Cabinet by invoking dictatorial powers and dissolving the Reichstag, and his personality thus becomes a potent force to swing certain voters to the right. On the other hand, if he antagonizes more people than he attracts it will indicate that his influence has dwindled and may even lead to a constitutional crisis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No other political factor can be reckoned upon or even estimated. Hugenberg's shaky faction of die-hards has lost the support of Count Westarp, a former cabinet official, who still prefers constitutional methods, but Hitler's Fascist Party has made surprising gains, notably at the recent elections in Saxony. The Communists, at the other extreme, share with Hitler and Hugenberg a contempt for parliamentary procedure and hope to attract disillusioned Socialists just as the reactionaries hope to attract disillusioned moderates. As far as one can estimate such uncertain matters, Germany seems to lean toward extremism of one form or another, a condition that is due partly to the sad mess into which the Reichstag has fallen and partly to the discomfiture of all young people, to whom the Republic offers but little chance for advancement or initiative. The moderate groups are making belated efforts to rally the youth of the country, but only one or two of the dozen or more middle-ground parties have been willing to surrender their identity. It is therefore estimated that many million votes will as usual be thrown away on candidates who have no chance of success.

THE SUGGESTION has been made that the September session of the League should investigate Franco-Italian relations. This would mean invoking Section 2 of Article 11 of the League Covenant, which reads: 'It is also declared to be the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good relations between nations upon which peace depends.' The first section of this article specifically states that 'any war or threat of war, whether affecting any Members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League.' There is, however, small chance that any action will be taken. No war between France and Italy would be possible until Germany at least showed signs of promising benevolent neutrality one way or the other, and her present attitude of strict impartiality is proving a powerful factor in keeping Europe at peace. Foreign Minister Curtius has declined an invitation to Rome for fear that such a visit might be construed as a gesture of friendship toward Italy, but he has also refrained from indicating that he would support the French thesis of naval parity in the Mediterranean. Of course Germany has her own good reasons for maintaining this elaborate air of indifference and the Berlin correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, who is of course a little prejudiced, makes this sensible comment:—

> The German diplomats are convinced that if some day the Phrygian cap of France and Italy's symbolic bundle of lictors ever engage upon a struggle for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mastery of the Mediterranean, such a struggle would be stupid and vain because the ultimate decision would be dictated by the Union Jack: London can never permit the route from Gibraltar to Malta and Port Said to be controlled by a single Mediterranean power. The dogma of German post-war diplomacy has been never to come into conflict with Great Britain in any part of the world and it is therefore hard to imagine that the Wilhelmstrasse will support any of Mussolini's policies, since it would thus be putting itself in opposition to both Paris and London at the same time.

THE TRANSIT and Communications Section of the League of Nations has made public some revealing statistics concerning the development of civil aviation in all parts of the world. Only three or four airways anywhere operate at a profit, the most conspicuous success being the Sociedad Colombo-Alemana de Transportes Aereos, which carries more mail in the little South American republic of Colombia than all the air lines in Germany put together. This is due to the fact that the line covers in one hour a route that takes two days by boat and rail and that it takes eight hours to make another journey that requires eight days and nights by land. Because of these great economies it charges from four to eight times as high a rate as any line in Europe. The only other lines in the world that operate without subsidies are the Junkers line in Persia, the Lloyd Aero of Bolivia, and a line in New Guinea.

Of the larger lines the Dutch are the most economically administered, for they receive a subsidy amounting to only three Swiss francs per kilometre-ton. The British Government pays the highest rates, the equivalent of twenty Swiss francs per kilometre-ton on its European routes and of ninety to one hundred francs on its Empire routes. The French subsidies average 17 Swiss francs; the German, 14; the Italian, 12; and the American, 11. Where the United States leads is in the development of airports and in private aviation. It has 1,500 airports as compared with 600 in all of Europe and has spent $333,000,000 on their upkeep and construction in the past eighteen months, whereas France has spent only five million dollars in the past ten years on all her fields. The American record for safety is also excellent, although air travel is one hundred times as dangerous as train travel and sixteen times as dangerous as travel by automobile. Statistics covering five years show that one passenger has been killed for every 2,551,035 miles flown in Germany, one for every 2,441,405 flown in the United States, and one for every 2,331,815 flown in Great Britain.

WITH STALIN in secure control of the Communist Party and with Litvinov replacing Chicherin as People's Commissar for Foreign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Affairs, Russian policy at home and abroad should advance smoothly. For the first time since Lenin's death Moscow has openly acknowledged one man as its leader and the so-called 'General Line' to which Stalin has committed his followers in a seven-hour burst of eloquence indicates that he is no compromiser. He does not, to be sure, share Trotski's hopes of world revolution and for that reason he has been accused of backsliding, but he has so vigorously enforced in Russia the suggestions that Trotski alone championed a few years ago that he is now regarded as distinctly a 'man of the left.' The real distinction between the two men, however, does not lie in the political field. Trotski, the Jew, believes in Europeanizing Russia and, at the same time, in Bolshevizing the rest of the world. Stalin, the Slav, turns his back on Europe and concerns himself only with Russia. Yet the results of Stalin's 'Orientalism,' as it is called in Russia, may be to bring his country in close touch with other nations. Nikolaus Basseches, the Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, devotes an article in this issue to describing Russia's need for foreign machinery, and President Hoover's intervention in the importation of Soviet lumber indicates that the Administration does not underestimate the possibilities of Russian-American trade. Therefore, in spite of some of the radical domestic policies of the present Moscow Government, its desire to build up a self-sufficient state with modern machinery may stimulate prosperity in the outer world—to the vast discomfiture, no doubt, of the Communist calamity-howler.

In foreign policy, as distinguished from foreign trade, the Russian outlook is less hopeful. The fact that Litvinov's wife is an Englishwoman has been taken to mean that some of the tension between London and Moscow will relax, especially since Chicherin had the reputation of being distinctly anti-British. More concern, however, is being felt over the future of Bessarabia, which is described in a typically alarmist dispatch to the *Morning Post* of London as 'the Belgium of the Balkans.' A recent visitor, Peter Carvel, says that 'it seems certain that with either the success or failure of the Five-Year Plan, the distant muttering on the Dniester [the river that divides Bessarabia from Russia] will turn to the thunder of war.' He points out that the Bolsheviks still hold the Rumanian crown jewels which were sent to Moscow 'for safety' when the German armies took Bucharest in 1916 and the price of their return has always been the cession of Bessarabia. The disputed territory itself is a Babel of Russians, Rumanians, Ukrainians, Germans, Jews, and Bulgars, a veritable paradise for revolutionary propaganda. Mr. Carvel's dispatch closes with these words:—

> The problem, indeed, is almost insoluble. It would need a Roman proconsul, and that breed seems to be dying out. Meanwhile, Bessarabia remains one of the dark storm centres of Europe. Her revolt or her annexation by the U.S.S.R.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would mean, nine chances out of ten, the revolt of Transylvania, and the embroilment of Rumania and the Little Entente with Hungary. If that happened, the possibility of Italian intervention on the side of Hungary, which would mean war between Italy and Yugoslavia, and of French support for the Little Entente, is so grave that it cannot be disregarded.

OIL MAY AT LAST start flowing from the fields of Mosul, thanks to the activities of the recently created British Oil Development Company headed by Lord Wester Wemyss, Admiral of the Fleet. Up to now no work has been undertaken in Irak because the American, Dutch, and British interests there, which, together with the French, control the territory, believe that too much petroleum is already being produced and that the Mosul fields should be kept in reserve. France, however, depends on foreign producers and wants the Mosul supply tapped as soon as possible. The newly formed British company therefore enjoys the support not only of the French Government but of other European nations which are not satisfied with the present system of world oil production—notably Germany and Italy. Meanwhile the Irak Government looks with favor upon any scheme that will bring money into the country and now that the British mandate out there is being removed, further negotiations may be expected between the King of Irak and the English industrialists headed by Lord Wemyss. American oil producers can hardly be expected to welcome this concerted attempt on the part of a group of European interests to strike out for themselves under British guidance. The episode also indicates how economic rivalries and sympathies often run exactly opposite to the prevailing political currents.

WILLIAM MARTIN, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, who describes in this issue his recent trip to Sweden, has also visited Finland to see for himself the results of its prohibition law, which forbids the sale of drinks with more than two per cent alcoholic content. He observed a striking similarity to conditions in the United States. 'Everybody you talk to explains the inconveniences and outrages of Prohibition. Everyone declares himself opposed to it. Yet every time the question comes up in Parliament or before the people at large an enormous majority demands that a law which everyone maligns be maintained intact.' The debit side of the balance sheet reads as follows. Arrests for drunkenness have increased from 12,000 a year in 1910 to 100,000 a year in 1928. The state loses about half a billion marks annually in revenue and has to spend more than its modest resources

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can afford attempting to enforce an unenforceable law, since the numberless bays and islands along the country's coast make smuggling very easy. Industries are deprived of a useful outlet for some of their by-products and the larger nations,—notably France,—on whose trade Finland's commercial existence depends, have forced the state to buy from them more liquor than it can possibly sell for medicinal purposes. And, finally, the extremely cold climate has made most of the population depend on alcoholic stimulation, which it still secures, though at an exorbitant price and in an inferior form.

None the less, M. Martin feels that the advantages of Prohibition outweigh its drawbacks. The one overwhelming point in its favor is that nearly all the population really prefers the present law. Ever since 1907 Finland has voted dry but under Russian rule this preference was never translated into law. In 1917, however, Kerenski acceded to the nation's demands and since that time Prohibition has remained. The peasants support it because they have always made their own drinks and the Socialists, representing the industrial workers, are convinced that it has brought prosperity to the cities. The women, too, favor the present system and in M. Martin's opinion their support is most significant. He concludes by prophesying that the future of Prohibition in Finland is assured and remarks with an air of wonder on these strange folk who want both Prohibition and alcohol.

ACCUMULATING evidence tends to show that influences are at work both in Shanghai and Wall Street to persuade the United States to put an end to the present chaos in China by active intervention. George Bronson Rea, editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, a lavish illustrated monthly published in Shanghai and packed with advertisements of foreign companies that do business out there, has taken a recent dispatch by Mr. Hallett Abend, chief correspondent of the *New York Times* in China, as a text to promote American interference. Mr. Abend, just back from a visit to the States, asserted that 'foreign business leaders consider that, if China could enjoy a few years of peace, security, and alleviation from crushing war taxes, it would be able and eager to buy vast quantities of things which could profitably be produced by factories now idle.' From this simple and obvious statement Mr. Rea then elaborates a moral quite his own. He explains that 'unemployment in Great Britain, in the United States, in near-by Japan, and in other manufacturing countries has become an ominous problem. It is fast assuming portentous proportions that menace the very stability of the governments concerned.' And now follows the kernel of his case:—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China has the right to be mistress in her own house; to settle her problems in her own way; to indulge in continuous and indecisive civil wars; to ruin her own country; to bring misery, starvation, and death to millions of her own people; but when these prerogatives of sovereignty are carried to the point where the chaos of China imperils the stability of other governments and the livelihood of millions of workers in other parts of the world, the day must dawn when the Chinese will be politely but firmly invited to put their house in order. Continued civil warfare in China, boycotts, interference with trade, and the general impoverishment of the country have already brought Japan to the brink of economic disaster. The collapse of Japan or any great diminution of her purchasing power would affect every other nation in the world.

American business is keenly alive to these conditions. So far has the pendulum swung in the other direction, that sentiment in Wall Street is now strongly and openly in favor of joint international pressure upon China to put a stop to these exhausting civil wars. China is a sovereign state. Her territorial integrity is guaranteed under treaties subscribed to by all the principal Powers, except Russia. No nation covets her territory. Japan's policy toward China is in full harmony and accord with that of the United States. China has no real enemy in the world to-day. She has nothing but friends and wellwishers. She has appealed for a square deal and has received it. In return, she has assumed responsibilities that cannot be shirked.

The inability of China to discharge her obligations to the rest of the world, the wrecking and ruin of her country, and the plunging of millions into a state of hopeless misery make of her as much an instrument of Moscow as though she was an integral part of the Soviet system of Socialist republics. The prolongation of conditions which close the markets of China to the manufacturing nations of the world and intensify the present unemployment problem abroad only serves to advance the cause of world revolution.

Stability and peace in China, with a revival of the purchasing power of its people and the credit of its Government, will help to solve the problem of world unemployment and bring happiness and a full dinner pail to millions of human beings. The drift of world opinion is unmistakable. The collapse of Nanking, the triumph of Communism in this country, will affect the whole world. These facts are being slowly grasped and when the influence of big business, international finance, capitalism, if you will, is brought to bear on governments, there will be no hesitancy when it comes to the choice between Communism and demanding that China put her house in order.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A great French economist tells his own people of England's tribulations. Then comes Winston Churchill's son with a spirited attack on Britain's bishops and politicians. And finally a radical Laborite pokes bitter fun at bankers.

BRITAIN Looks Ahead

By THREE UNRECONCILED PROPHETS

I. DARK HOURS IN ENGLAND

By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

Translated from the *Petit Havre* by the *Nation and Athenæum*, London Liberal Weekly

AT PRESENT ENGLAND is going through the darkest hours she has known since the War. It is no insult to a noble and energetic people if we remark upon the grave anxiety which it is experiencing in face of unforeseen circumstances. For nearly ten years the English have been in a critical position: several times they have thought that they were emerging, and never have they doubted that they would emerge. But now a new storm is descending upon them while the old one is still blowing. Is unemployment again going to increase? (It has already begun to do so.) Are exports again going to diminish? Will there be a further weakening in British influence upon international affairs? The constant raising of these questions betokens an atmosphere of acute anxiety. Can it be that a people which has never lost confidence in itself is beginning to mistrust the future?

In the nineteenth century the world was dominated by the English economic system, and the English grew used to being the economic directors of our planet. They believed that this situation would last forever. Even after the War, in the crisis of 1921, it was universally believed in England that the tension was temporary. All that seemed necessary was for international economic life to recover its balance, and then, in the natural course of events, England

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be bound to recover her proper preponderance. In this way England sought for the causes of her troubles in the outside world, and never dreamed that the real weakness might be in herself.

The general strike seems to have opened the eyes of the more wary. After this terrible adventure some people perceived that the economic conditions of the nineteenth century, so perfectly arranged for the advantage of Great Britain, would probably never recur. The more sagacious realized that some foreign markets, which were thought to be lost temporarily, might indeed be lost for good. A mere return to pre-war conditions was therefore inadequate as a programme. It became necessary to accept the world as it now is—to admit, in fact, that this is the twentieth century, with the United States a first-rate Power, with the Far East in rebellion against European domination, and with the Dominions, children only yesterday, grown up and possessing a life of their own. From this moment England began to wake up, and now she can no longer shut her eyes to the possible disappearance of her belief in her own economic supremacy. Consequently the English feel that they are faced with a grave crisis, but it is in their morale that they are suffering even more than in material ways. At least, such is my impression. And as a result they are in danger of giving way to a pessimism unjustified by the circumstances.

The student of nineteenth-century English history can easily trace the first signs of the present troubles about the year 1880. It was then that serious competition began, whereas English industry had previously had the field practically to itself. This is made quite clear by an examination of the crisis of 1885. At that difficult moment we see England settling to sleep upon her past successes just when she should have made an effort to pull herself together. This was the time when English manufacturers and tradesmen began to work less hard. They came late to the office, went away on Friday night for the week-end, and came back only on Monday afternoons. Instead of keeping up with the latest technical improvements, they pretended that success depends upon character rather than upon knowledge and technique. Between 1880 and 1890 England began to lose her dominating position in the market for metal manufactures; everywhere she was confronted with German competition. She protested, as if this was an injustice. 'Made in Germany!' she cried, as if she was shocked. About 1900 she was reassured, perhaps mistakenly, by a brilliant economic recovery. But the crisis of 1921 was no ephemeral trouble suddenly appearing, but the result of a process which in fact had begun nearly half a century earlier. And this is the real danger of the present situation.

What is required, therefore, is not to change a world which cannot be changed, not to try to revive economic conditions which have been dead for thirty years, but to adapt the country to modern conditions of international competition. Rationalization? Of course. But this is not easy when you are not ten but fifty years behind the times. It is difficult, above all, when you are used to making money easily, without much work or knowledge, when you have lived on a traditional belief that British prestige is in itself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough. It entails a whole reformation, including a policy in education, in the national philosophy of life, in intellectual, industrial, and technical equipment. And it must be confessed that the country is ill prepared by its past for such an undertaking.

Hence the extreme confusion which reigns. To reconquer the export markets English goods must again be the cheapest obtainable. But prices are no longer determined merely by the possession of coal fields. Mass production is necessary, and for this America is better situated than the little British Isles. Moreover, labor must be labor which is productive. There would be no objection to high wages in England if there were a corresponding productiveness, but there is not. Above all, what is required is an economic organization unburdened by fiscal and other charges, a state without a million and a half unemployed to support.

In a word, England hesitates when faced with the brutal measures which might make a partial recovery possible. She keeps her unemployed, and feeds them. She also keeps to a great extent her old ways and her old attitude. The old free-trade spirit which marked her so deeply in the nineteenth century is growing weaker every day. Unable to maintain her position in the world, England is sliding gently but undeniably toward protection as a solution. Like everyone else she thinks of sheltering behind a wall. 'Since we cannot keep foreign markets, let us use our privileges and make sure at least of the home market, and the colonial markets. Let us, like other people, keep poachers off our preserves.' This is the feeling behind a mass of controversial articles and speeches: there are a hundred such every day. Lord Beaverbrook's campaign in favor of 'Empire free trade' merely means protection.

Examined carefully, the proposal means giving up the whole Liberal tradition of nineteenth-century England. It is a proposal put forward in a country which has lost its self-confidence. To study this question I have come to London for a month. Need I add that I am rather impressed by the prevalent pessimism? It reminds me of the confusion which reigned among us in France in the years 1924–1926. We have emerged from it. And so will England, but perhaps she will leave behind parts of her old economic structure. Let us study the matter systematically, for the two countries are more dependent upon each other than we sometimes think.

II. Young England Speaks

By Randolph Churchill

From the *Sunday Dispatch*, Rothermere London Daily

THE OTHER DAY a lot of bishops got together and had a talk about youth. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave it as his opinion that, 'in the excitement of freedom, youth is impatient of criticism and resentful of authority.' Presumably, he was referring to the authority of the Church. This may all be very true, but before we accept the Archbishop's implication

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the fault rests with the youth of the country we ought to see what share of the blame rests with the bishops and clergy of the Church of England.

The Jesuits used to say, 'Give us a child until he is seven and he is ours.' Now the majority of young men and women in this country are brought up in such a way that either at home or school they are compelled to submit themselves for at least fifteen years of their early life to the authority of the Church.

Whom are we to blame, then, if, after regular attendance at church and chapel, after listening to some hundreds of sermons and singing some thousands of hymns, a young man, on becoming independent, begins to show signs of doubt and to falter in his religious devotions? Is youth unimpressionable? Do young men not wish to believe what learned and well-intentioned men have told them is true? Or is the fault on the other side?

There are to-day no great leaders of religious thought to be found in the Church. We cannot expect a Savonarola or a Saint Francis, but we can legitimately hope to find some real evangelizing force other than the Hot Gospelers and Mrs. Aimee McPherson. But we seek in vain. Atrophy seems to have descended upon our spiritual mentors. Some of the lesser clergy write quite nice articles for the newspapers about the public schools and Sunday games and other subjects like that. But spiritually and intellectually creeping paralysis appears to have set in among them. Not only is nothing done but no one even seems to desire to do anything. Smug and respectable, sedate and benign, they present when they walk abroad a charming sight. But where is that enthusiasm, that vigor, and that burning faith which spread the Gospel two thousand years ago?

We still chant the same responses and mumble the same litanies as in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The average sermon is neither eloquent nor inspiring. The Church has been left behind in the march of events. The bishops do not present a united front to the world, to the flesh, or even to the devil. It is indeed a far cry to-day from Birmingham to Fulham. Instead of giving a real spiritual lead to the country, the bishops spend what time they can spare from the purely administrative work of their dioceses in arguing about doctrinal points such as reservation, albs, vestments, and genuflections, which are not of fundamental importance to the Christian religion.

Meanwhile, the central authority of the Church attempts to patch up a compromise which is neither satisfactory nor edifying, and certainly not successful. Only a few years ago, after months of argument and reflection, the bishops produced a new Prayer Book. Yet even the weight of their combined erudition and authority was insufficient to obtain popular acceptance for the fruit of their labors. One would have imagined that the bishops occupied a position in this country sufficient for them to be able to persuade the members of their Church to accept their guidance on a subject of this gravity. One would expect to find the nation rallying to this cause about which the elders of the Church felt so keenly and which had occupied their labors so long. But this was not to be. The bishops do not possess a sufficient intellectual and moral superiority to command the unquestioning support of the people. For too long they have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had no clear message, and thus they have lost their grip on men's minds.

WHY is it that the bishops have no message? It is because they are out of tune with the post-war generation. They have little sympathy for the requirements of youth, and are afraid to modify the mediæval morality which the Church still imposes, with so little success, upon her members. Hence their inability to deal with such questions as marriage and divorce.

It is as futile to apply the teachings of Christ in identical form and rigmarole to successive generations as it is to expect that an aboriginal of Australia can observe the same morality as an Englishman. Each generation and each race has a different standard of morality which may well be compatible with Christian ethics. What the bishops have got to do is to adapt the teachings of Christ to the needs of a rapidly changing world. The sun rises and sets, and each day witnesses progress and change. Scientific inventions and industrial progress daily increase the standards of living and the rate of social reform. Private charities and state legislation for the benefit of the poor grow day to day. In the field of economics, medicine, and psychoanalysis unprecedented strides are being made. Yet nothing is done for religion. The bishops cannot afford to be the only people standing still. They should be in the vanguard of modern thought. If you are behind someone you can give him a kick, but if you want to lead him you must be in front.

I do not believe that young men and women to-day are any less interested in religious questions than were their grandfathers and grandmothers. The newspapers point to the empty churches; bishops assail youth with the charge of levity and of cynicism. But, in fact, the post-war generation is more genuinely Christian in its ethical standpoint than the bishops or even they themselves would have us imagine.

Though the outward forms of religious devotion are on the decline, many young people to-day find more truth and spiritual comfort in working out their own interpretation of Christ's teaching than in blindly accepting the dogmas of divines who do not even agree one with another. Such squabbles as they indulge in cannot tend to increase their authority or youth's respect for that authority. No one can have obtained much spiritual solace from the unlovely spectacle of one bishop attempting to drag another into a court of law.

Yet we possess in the Church of England an institution whose history commands admiration, and whose death would shock and grieve the world. It is even now one of the strongest bulwarks of civilized life against any threat of anarchy. All who love England must wish to see it powerful and prosperous. At the moment, however, through the fault—as I have attempted to show—of those who control its destinies, it is entering a period of gradual decline. The bishops cannot pretend that they have as much ability as they formerly had to influence the life of this country. They will not soon forget the almost universal disapproval which greeted the then Archbishop of Canterbury's intervention in the general strike.

New vigor, thought, and intellect must be brought into the episcopal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranks before the Church of England can hope to stimulate its apathetic and failing flock. A message must be found suited to the harsh industrial and economic life of the nation. New missionaries must be found, not only abroad but at home, at least as zealous as those who confronted Attila or landed with Saint Augustine in Kent.

There is no lack of desire among the young people of England to find the truth. The quest for absolute truth and knowledge is as keenly sustained to-day as ever before in the world's history. But the intellectual regeneration of the Church must come from within. It should not despair of its high mission. All that is needed is to capture the imagination of a people whose ideals have been in some respects shattered by the catastrophe of the War; but which is as eager as ever to find spiritual consolation and happiness.

Almost invariably, when a young man expresses his opinion, on whatever subject, his remarks are said by his elders to characterize the modern 'revolt of youth.' On the question of the Church of England, however, or, indeed, in regard to the bishops, there is no revolt; there is merely silent nonconformity. The uninspired manner in which the Church has been led has caused people to face their religious difficulties as a purely personal matter. This in some ways is to be commended, as it avoids a great deal of cant and hypocrisy, but such a process extending over a long period of years will only produce one result—the gradual dissolution and death of the Church of England. If that is not to be, either from within or from without there must arise an intellectual scourge to galvanize and revivify the body spiritual.

A YOUNG man who takes any interest in public affairs must realize that all is not well with Britain. Economically we are in the trough. With unemployment and taxation together in the ascendant, and trade and industry on the decline, it is impossible for a young man not to feel anxious to learn what is responsible for all this and whether anything can be done to alleviate our troubles.

Much of our plight is due to the War. No nation could give forth blood and gold in so titanic an effort without experiencing a severe reaction. Yet one cannot but wonder whether our affairs have been conducted since the War in the best possible way. The sight of nearly two millions of unemployed in this country must depress young people who are just emerging into the world.

But it is when we turn to our foreign affairs that youth sees most cause for amazement and anger. After all, we did win the War. We can understand its costing as much to win the War as to lose it, but what it is impossible to comprehend is that, having won the War, we should be so afraid and ashamed to stand up for our rights abroad. Those of us who have only grown up since the War cannot see why we should have strained every resource of manhood and treasure preserving our rights and liberties in a bloody though successful war, and on the morrow of that victory in which we played the greatest part, sit down and surrender our rights and throw away our interests in every quarter of the globe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain alone of all the victorious allied powers seems incapable of asserting herself and safeguarding her inheritance. On all sides we see the power which our ancestors built up for us being idly squandered to satisfy whatever any state, faction, or minority demands. In Egypt we see an attempt being made not only to abandon our own interests but to desert a race which under our rule has become increasingly prosperous, cultured, and hygienic with every year that we have governed. In India the story repeats itself.

Even our naval power has to be decided upon by other countries. We have not the courage to administer our own affairs; and so our former allies come over and sit in judgment upon us and decide that they shall all have larger navies, and that the only naval power to be curtailed shall be that to which they owe the most. The British Navy, having sustained the allied power and swept from the seas the common foe, is now arbitrarily reduced to satisfy those whom it preserved. Why should this be? Have we no longer the right to live as an independent nation? Or must we decline into a second-class power, bankrupt at home and feeble and inert abroad?

The reason for all these troubles and misfortunes is that our country is to-day controlled by the silliest and sloppiest set of sentimentalists who have ever in all history sat on the Treasury Bench. The government of Britain and her Empire has for some peculiar reason been entrusted to the weakest invertebrates in the country. One would expect to see at the head of affairs patriots and men of capacity, men who had given ample proof of their devotion and loyalty to the country. Instead of which, we see men who, when England was fighting for her very existence in the War, made it their business to hamper and impede her to the best of their fortunately limited ability.

YOUNG people who survey this sorrowful sight are tempted to ask why these evil days have been allowed to descend upon us. Could they not somehow have been prevented? Why do not those of the older generation who are still worthy of the name of patriot unite and put an end to this surrender and defeatism? What many young people would like to see would be a combination of all the strongest and most patriotic forces in the land. All our troubles would be more capable of solution if we possessed a great national government. Composed of men of resolution and high character, long proved in the public service, it would give to British policy at home and abroad stability and firmness. If this could somehow be brought about there would be an end of the shilly-shally and slither which recently has been the most notable feature of public affairs.

Surely it is not impossible to achieve this. More difficult problems were successfully faced in the War. But one paramount difficulty stands in the way. The electorate has been so swamped by enormous additions in recent years that it is entirely unlike in character or form to that which existed in the days before the War. The older politicians have no idea how to appeal to the complete democracy which, for better or worse, we to-day possess. In fact, many of them are terrified by it. They form the meanest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view of its intelligence, and consequently spend their time when they are out of office in making promises. When they get into power their time is fully occupied in breaking them. Thus they have neither the time nor the inclination to devote their attention to our affairs abroad. They have converted the House of Commons into a soup kitchen and the great departments of state into a number of ill-assorted almshouses.

Obviously industrious workers who are temporarily without work, and who have paid their proper contributions, must be afforded relief. But in the last year the whole system of unemployment insurance has been demoralized. At least half the payments are now pure doles.

How is Britain to be rescued from this deplorable situation? Youth refuses to believe that there is no solution. Half a century ago Lord Randolph Churchill said: 'Trust the people.' That is what the older politicians have still to learn. They can not eternally bluff and befool the electorate, for it is neither as stupid nor as avaricious as the pre-war generation imagines. If the real facts of the case are properly presented to them they will know what to do.

Unfortunately, there seems no one who wishes to keep them informed of the real state of affairs. All unite in a dishonest attempt to deceive the democracy, and to scramble into power on the backs of the hungry poor. We can but hope that the generation which is now approaching manhood is more alive to the requirements of democracy. If the pre-war generation cannot adjust itself to the new situation, it will be speedily brushed aside by the younger people. They, at any rate, have a better chance of understanding democracy than their fathers and grandfathers, and, as I believe, a keener desire to serve that democracy. If this is not so, there is a grave danger of the rising generation witnessing the complete breakdown of our parliamentary institutions.

Until it can be proved that there is a better means of governing Britain, we are bound to do all that is in our power to cherish and foster the system we now possess. But if the present leaders of democracy are found unable to mould an unwieldy electorate into the foundation of a government of firm intention and resolute deed, great changes in men and methods lie before us. Once the passing generation shows that its usefulness is exhausted, the choice of these men and methods must be wrested from their hands by youth.

III. A Nation on Its Knees

By 'Yaffle'

From the *New Leader*, London Left-Wing Labor Weekly

SO THAT'S THAT. Nobody questions the right of the banks to say whether we are to have Empire free trade or not. All the papers I have read imply that if the banks say we shall have to have it, we shall of course have it, and no more questions asked. The only discussion that has arisen is as to whether or not the banks are unanimous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This, of course, brings to a happy end a controversy that has been going on for some time as to what is the position of Parliament in the British system of government. By general acknowledgment Parliament has now taken second place in the Constitution, and the banks now have the sole and unchallenged right to dictate the economic policy of the country.

I have not space here to attempt any account of the functions of Parliament in the future; but I dare say they will be able to find plenty to do in dealing with the less important details of administration, such as the color of lamp posts and the width of the stripe in Grenadiers' trousers.

An immediate question is, What about elections? Shall we continue these quaint old English customs? I earnestly hope we shall. I may be a sentimentalist, but I do not think we ought to allow the advantages of modern progress to blind us to the æsthetic needs of man, and I hope we shall always preserve something nonutilitarian and picturesque in public life.

Shall the general election follow the maypole? Never. It may be obsolete and useless, but it is jolly and diverting; it keeps us in touch with the past. And I hope that the various art leagues and societies which go in for morris dances and folk songs and things will stage a general election now and then. Even if there is no apparent demand for them here, they will, I am sure, be an added attraction to American visitors and bring money into the country.

But to return to practical affairs. Englishmen have always wanted to be governed by men who are without self-interest, and here they are. For the *Evening Standard* says:—

> Bankers are the economic statesmen of the country, but, unlike their counterparts in the political sphere, they do not allow themselves to be tied by party habit to any political doctrine. Their business is to know all the facts and deduce their meaning. They have at their disposal all there is to be known about world economics. Their long experience enables them to interpret with exactitude this accumulation of knowledge.

We have here, humanly speaking, the goods. There is little doubt about the banks' detachment from politics. They have that fine aloofness which marks the man who has got all he wants. They have that complete indifference toward the political problems of the day which a good pickpocket has toward the pocket he has just emptied. They 'deduce meanings from facts' as wisely as a burglar does when he learns which evenings the family will be out. Nobody knows more than they do about the economic situation, because they made it.

It has often been said that if you satisfy all a man's wants you remove him from temptation. Thus, by giving the banks absolute control over the nation's currency, we have created men of a superior type, who stand as calm and unbiased above our petty political rivalries as a cat does over the dissensions of mice, and for the same reason. We allow them to say how much money there shall be in the country and who shall have it; which firm shall be rationalized and which shall be sent down the sink; and when the Government wants its own money it allows the banks to issue it and pays them for doing it.

Therefore bankers have no axe to grind, for the community is busy grinding it for them.

All this is very good for the nation. Man must have something to worship.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two generations of freethinking have left him without anything on which to exercise his awe. Man cannot freethink for long, it makes him tired. He can't go long without wanting to put his trust in something that moves in a mysterious way.

Therefore the cleverness of bankers is meat and drink to the starved religious sense of men. For it is natural that in this practical age, when nobody believes in miracles, anybody performing one should cause an outburst of genuflections. And nothing could be more wonderful than the way bankers wave a wand over a blank space and produce a wad of currency. These facts have staggered the wondering minds of men. They know we have a gold standard and yet they find that the banks can issue a dozen times more currency money than there is gold to back it. That was wonderful enough; but then Mr. M'Kenna came along and said that a bank loan creates a deposit and the repayment of it destroys it, which meant that a bank can call money into existence out of nothing. This struck the people as nothing has struck them since Elijah did his clever trick with the widow's cruse, and even the most hard-baked skeptics took off their hats. It was too clever a trick for agnostics to explain away by the use of mirrors or something up the sleeve, and a great revival of national faith was the result.

So let us not repine because the Mother of Parliaments has been supplanted by the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. (It is curious how England always has to have a matriarchal form of government.) Let us rather rejoice that we have a body of men to guard our destinies who fulfill to the utmost the poet's ideal of a great statesman:—

> One that is happy in his height,
> And one that, in a nation's might,
> Hath solitary certitude of light.

And, I may add, when money's tight, knows he at least will be all right.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Viennese correspondent, long resident in Moscow, describes the Five-Year Plan in a way that should interest American business men. He is followed by a British visitor who tells about the daily life of the Soviet capital.

RUSSIA
Present *and* Future

By Two Moscow
Correspondents

I. Russia's Economic Future

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

IN HIS SPEECH before the Party Congress, Stalin emphasized that the Five-Year Plan and the development of Russia's big industries were designed to make the Soviet Union economically independent of the rest of the world. This is one of the most important aims that the Russian Revolution has set itself since Lenin died. The tempo of Russia's industrialization grows more rapid every day. Now that the Five-Year Plan has been in force for two years we have an opportunity to survey in general outline the results it may bring, and it daily grows more obvious that the figures laid down in the plan are by no means unattainable. In short, it is now clear that if nothing serious intervenes the Five-Year Plan will be carried out on schedule.

Although this plan seems to have conjured up super-American figures in certain respects, its estimates on the whole have been kept within moderate bounds. It is the plan itself rather than its objects that has brought to life gigantic possibilities for all of Russia's economic life. Whereas even the most rapid industrialization of other countries has involved the development of large factories from moderate-sized and small factories, the industrialization of Soviet Russia has followed quite different lines. A centralized, concen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trated national economy has welded all the different instruments of production into a single whole. Thus where other countries build twenty or thirty factories, the Soviet Union builds a single gigantic factory. Such an industrial colossus naturally makes a much more impressive effect, both optically and statistically, than a number of small or medium-sized plants. Furthermore, it is already clear that the doubled industrial production of the Soviet Union is far from satisfying the growing demands of the nation.

Masses of people who used to buy only a small quantity of manufactured goods are now becoming more and more accustomed to purchasing industrial products. Still other masses of people who used to buy virtually no such products are now definitely becoming consumers. Such a creation as the new Turkestan-Siberian Railway, for instance, is changing the whole economic life of the hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of Kirghiz. All these people who used to deal in nothing but the products of nature are now demanding manufactured goods. Then, too, the natural growth of Russia's one hundred and forty million inhabitants continually creates new consumers. Russian villages are losing an average of seven hundred thousand inhabitants a year who go to seek their fortunes in the industrial cities. When they dwelt in their villages they consumed a relatively small amount of manufactured goods, but now, together with their families, they buy almost nothing but industrial products.

IT IS thus only natural that the situation in the Soviet Union is continually becoming more critical. There is no essential product to-day that is not being rationed. Not only is the food supply controlled by bread cards but the textile supply is also limited to a certain maximum per individual. Meat can only be procured with cards and then in very small quantities. The same thing is true of shoes, milk, medicine, cigarettes, and tobacco. Aspirin is the only thing that the drug stores sell in unlimited quantities. Soap is virtually unobtainable. The bread supply, however, is in good condition.

Since the agricultural programme has recently been more than 95 per cent fulfilled, that is to say, since about sixteen per cent more land is being cultivated this year than last, the future bread supply seems reasonably secure. The fact that it is still being rationed is apparently due to the desire of the Soviet Union to have a certain amount of grain free to export. The meat crisis can be attributed to the collective farming movement and to the tremendous number of animals that the peasants killed through fear of dispossession. Six or seven years must pass before the Soviet Union will have as many cattle as it did in 1928. As for the lack of fish and preserves, that is due to the export of these commodities and the same thing is perhaps true of the textile and soap shortage. The Soviet Union exports everything that it possibly can in order to secure in exchange the machinery that it needs for its new industries. This export trade means that each individual citizen of the Soviet Union is paying for the industrialization of his country by underconsumption.

Never since the New Economic Policy was proclaimed has the condition of the population been so bad. The nor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mal Soviet citizen has indeed no cause for rejoicing. Shops are empty and even provision cards for food supplies and clothing can only be secured in limited quantities. It is, however, significant that the Soviet Government understands very well just how far it can afford to go. It does not depend politically on the army of petty employees and on the free professions. It attaches importance only to the workers and to the army.

Although nothing is to be had in the shops, members of the consumers' leagues of the workers do receive some goods. Food and other supplies are handed out in the factories themselves and here only are the supplies adequate. The same thing is true of the army. In spite of the growing food crisis the rations of the Red Army have not been reduced by a single gramme, indeed they are even to be increased. One can understand how a country with more than one hundred and forty million inhabitants and with the extent of the Soviet Union is able to support its three and one-half million workers and its seven to eight hundred thousand soldiers in spite of all crises, and as long as the Soviet Government can do this, as long as the majority of its workers and soldiers are protected from distress, the régime will remain stable. Since peasant markets are again permitted, all the lacking food supplies can be bought freely, but this is true only of food. The state provision organization is so ordered that no industrial products can reach the free market and the Government is eager to restrict the free market in food as much as possible. There, however, prices are three or four times higher.

The currency faces a great danger. From time to time the state is forced to make its prices for certain commodities approach the prices on the open market, a policy which, if repeated frequently, may in time lead to the collapse of the whole currency. At present, however, the turnover on the private market is so small that effective measures can still be taken to prevent a marked rise in the cost of living for the privileged classes, but all this creates great economic tension.

THE dazzling prospect hung before the eyes of the masses is the year 1932. Once the Five-Year Plan has been accomplished all sorrows are supposed to end. Within a few days empty shops will be full of goods again. Ration tickets will either cease entirely or at least will bring more rations. But all this may never happen and already there are indications that after the present Five-Year Plan has been put through a new five-year plan will be necessary to link together the separate elements in Russia's economic structure. For industrialization must be pushed forward. New public works must be built to replace the old. Dependence on foreign aid will thus increase. The country's growing industry will imperiously demand the importation of new foreign products, raw materials, and unfinished goods. To-day imports are confined to about 350 million dollars a year, but that figure will be exceeded in the future. The current rumors that the Soviet Union is about to ask for a moratorium on its foreign obligations may be mistaken, but, in any event, Russia's dependence on foreign imports will influence Soviet domestic and foreign policy fundamentally.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There can, of course, be no question of a nonfulfillment of debts that the Soviet has assumed. On this point the present Government stands more firmly than on any other. Up to now no Russian bill of exchange has been protested. In any other country, if an individual company stops payment or asks for an extension of credit, the whole economic life of that country is relatively little influenced. Only the company concerned is affected and the credit of the nation itself remains unimpaired. The case of Soviet Russia is different. Any moratorium, any bill that is not promptly paid, diminishes the credit of the whole country, the whole state, the whole economic structure. For that reason the Soviet, unlike any other economic unit, cannot ask for any extensions of credit, because the state controls every part of the nation's economic life. For that reason the Soviet must reckon closely in advance what it needs to import. This it always does. It always has ready money in its treasury to pay each bill. The result of this procedure is determining the destiny of the whole system, which can make much less use of credit than any other.

Furthermore, when the Five-Year Plan comes to an end the Russian people will have to face fresh burdens, since the unified character of the Soviet system demands that the industrialization of the country be put through without a moment's delay. The one insuperable difficulty that the Soviet Union now faces is the necessity of fulfilling completely its foreign obligations. A second difficulty is the spell that industrialization has cast over all of modern Russia. The difference between the rest of the world and the Soviet Union becomes most clear as we remember that any other government would fall if the masses of its people were compelled to put up with such a limited consumption of goods as modern Russia. But the Soviet régime survives this condition with comparative ease. On the other hand, any other nation in the world can survive unemployment, whereas if there were masses of jobless people in the streets of Soviet cities that would be the end of the Government, since it would represent a denial of its dominating principles.

In Tsarist Russia unemployment was never a serious social problem. When the factories shut down the workers fled from the cities to the country. The villages that dot the endless plains of Russia absorbed the unemployed industrial workers, all of whom had roots in the soil. To-day, on the other hand, the greater part of Russian agriculture has become collectivized and each extra worker on any farm affects the existence and rentability of the new collective enterprise. As for the peasants who still cultivate their farms independently, they are in such a position that they cannot possibly employ any eventual overflow from the cities. While the Europeanizing and industrializing of Russian agriculture progresses, unemployment will become a more serious problem for the Soviet Union than for any other state, since the whole Russian régime is based on the well-being of the workers. Thus the Government is forced to push industrialization as vigorously as possible. It has created a situation in which the Soviet does not dominate industrialization but in which industrialization dominates the Soviet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. Moscow as I Saw It

From the *New Statesman*, London Independent Labor Weekly

'GOOD MORNING, comrades, good morning.

'We are now at the beginning of another day—and see what a beautiful day. Now, fling off the bedclothes. Ready? At the command, "One," lie flat on the back, ra-aise the right leg, up! Describe a circle in the air at the command, "Two," and at the command, "Three," slo-owly lower the leg to the prone position. Ready, one! Slo-owly. Two-o, keep the leg stiff! Three! Gently down. Now, the same movement with the left leg.'

I was in Moscow a few weeks ago; and while I was dressing I switched on the wireless with which every room in the larger hotels is provided. That is what I heard. I stopped dressing.

'Now, comrades, leap lightly out of bed. Stand before the mirror, hands on hips, bend slowly down, swiftly up. Now, knees be-end, up! Be-end, up! Be-end, up! Be-end, up! That's right.

'At the command, "One," raise the arms to the line of the shoulders, head well back, chest thrust forward. At the command, "Two," raise them in a line with the head; lower them to the shoulders, "Three"; and at the command, "Four," bring them sharply down to the sides.

'One; two-o, head and shoulders well back; three-e, four!

'That concludes our morning exercises. Now, comrades, we must shave, wash, and dress. And, kiddies, remember those teeth! You must keep them well brushed, or you'll never be healthy. We are closing down now till eight-twenty, when we will give you the Breakfast News.'

I resumed my dressing, and at 8.20 turned the wireless on again and began my breakfast, listening to the foreign and local news. We were then sent off to work, and some thirty minutes later there followed a lecture on the steel industry. The general position was explained lucidly and in some detail; where necessary, examples were taken from a particular foundry. The speaker, having emphasized the necessity of Russia's exports for her internal development, concluded: 'So when you miss your eggs and butter, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they are being sold abroad to France, Germany, or Great Britain, and are returning to our country in the form of nuts and bolts in some of these machines.'

This led me to a comparison between Europe in 1917–18 and the U.S.S.R. to-day, a comparison which my other experiences confirmed. There now, as in England during the later years of the War, there is a national fervor expressing itself in similar ways but for a different purpose. The Great War, we were told at that time, was a war to end war. Consequently, we gladly suffered ourselves to be rationed and submitted to other privations. In Russia the industrial development envisaged by the Five-Year Plan will make further industrial development unnecessary. The millennium will as surely dawn on its completion as it dawned over Europe on the conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles. The Russians are using the same self-sacrifice in the service of industry that we exercised for the mastery of Germany.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The people are rationed even more stringently than we were during the War. I went into the Mostorg (Muir and Mirlees, the old Whiteleys of Moscow, now greatly enlarged) to buy some paper. The place was packed with people, but I managed to get near enough to ask one of the girl attendants for what I wanted.

'Where's your order?'

'Order?' I said. 'Order?'

'Yes, order—from the place where you work.'

'I haven't got an order, and it would be rather difficult for me to get one.'

'Why, don't you work?'

'I work in London, and even if I did get one you might not recognize it.'

She called another assistant for consultation. She jerked a thumb over at me.

'Works in London,' she said.

'Works in London?' said the other.

'Yes, in London. At least, says he does.'

'Well, you'd better give him some.'

So I got ten sheets of paper for eight copecks (twopence).

Everything that is exportable is exported. I had chicken for dinner one night. (No ingenuity can counterfeit chicken in horse or camel.)

'But don't you export all your chicken?' I asked the waiter. He adjusted the napkin over his arm.

'That chicken you are eating,' he said with pride, 'is nonexportable.'

In Moscow to-day the droski is as rare as the hansom in London. The few that have not disappeared are so dirty and unwholesome that there is no reason why they also shouldn't. If you hail one, the minimum price is seldom less than three roubles and no bargaining. Nevertheless, I took one the last time I was there, and when I was paying the *izvoschik* he pointed to the pipe I was smoking and said, 'That's a nice pipe you've got, *barin;* I suppose that would have cost three to five roubles before the Revolution.'

'Yes, about five.'

'I do like a pipe now and again; you know, I've tried to get one, but I can't. Now, look here, *barin*, will you take fifteen roubles for it [thirty shillings]?'

I didn't sell it. It was the only one I had.

One day I was kept waiting for a business appointment, and amused myself meanwhile by reading the office 'wall gazette.' This is a large rectangular piece of cardboard on which members of the staff fix anything that pleases them. Side by side with complaints against the management of the office or individual members of the staff and suggestions for the increase of efficiency are posted inconsequent jokes and caricatures. A typewritten slip beneath a girl's photograph impressed me more than any other:—

> All hail Olga Stephanovna, who gave up her month's holiday to render her department more efficient! She has been awarded a bonus of 50 roubles by the Board. 60,000 roubles have been paid out in such bonuses by this department.

Later in the day, while I was talking with another friend, with whom I had an appointment, the door suddenly opened with no knock but a flourish, and a pretty little girl about seven years of age came in, wearing a short brown skirt and clean white blouse. I detected a certain triumph in her eyes at having caused so effective an interruption; but without embarrass-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment or apology she said in a piping voice:—

'Good morning, comrade.'

'Good morning.'

'Am I clean, comrade?'

'Yes, beautifully clean.'

'Am I nicely dressed?'

'Yes, perfectly dressed.'

'Do I please you?'

'You do indeed.'

'Good morning, comrade.'

And before my friend had time to return the compliment, the door was closed and she had gone.

'Well?' I asked.

'That's a *pionerka*. And a *pionerka* is like one of your Girl Guides. All the girls between the ages of seven and fifteen are *pionerki*. They are encouraged to take care of themselves and their persons; and after their squad parade they go round getting the approval of their elders.'

'But isn't she related to you?'

'No, but I know her father—he works here.'

During the War and the Revolution and afterward there grew up a large class of homeless children, who had been separated from their parents or were orphans. They used to go about the streets begging or stealing. But the Government, allocating them to three classes,—those who were reclaimable, those who were capable of labor under control, and those who had so degenerated that only humanitarianism preserves them from the lethal chamber,—has by restoring the first, employing the second, and detaining the third cleared the Moscow streets. Beggars are also disappearing very fast.

WHENEVER I come back from Russia I am asked by a number of people, 'And what about the persecution of religion?' This question has become even more popular since a certain paper which prides itself on not utilizing the popular methods of competitions and life insurance has discovered a subtler means of increasing its circulation.

Two friends of mine, who had never before visited Moscow, were with me on my last trip. I asked them what struck them most about the city. They said, firstly, that all the picture galleries and museums were as crowded as Burlington House during the Italian Exhibition, with people who were so badly dressed that they obviously could not appreciate or know anything about what they saw. Secondly, that Moscow had more churches than any other city they had ever seen.

While I notice streets which have been widened owing to the demolition of churches, the number that have been pulled down is negligible in comparison with those that remain standing and in daily use. And, while it is true that 'the godless' are militant in their own religion, their importance and influence are demonstrated in the Moscow Amusement Park. There is an alley there, with bookshops on either side (imagine a street of bookshops at Wembley!), and in the middle of this alley, on the left-hand side going down, there is a shop which sells nothing but the propaganda of 'the godless,' on the right a shop devoted entirely to Christian devotional and apologetic literature. I noticed, as the people walked down the alley, they looked neither to right nor left, but held the narrow path between, only to be finally led astray by the books on natural history and social hygiene.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of Mother India's sons, a high-caste Hindu fortified with European culture, throws himself into the holy waters of the River Ganges. He emerges repentant and rather disillusioned.

I PLUNGE *into the* Ganges

By AYI TENDULKAR

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

QUEER FIGURES appear on all sides, hastening about hither and thither in front of me and behind me. The holy atmosphere reëchoes the din of hundreds and thousands of bells that are ringing in the various temples. One bell drowns out all the others, and presently you hear only its single, monotonous melody. On the wide flight of steps leading down to the river there is a scuffling of people and now before me I see the infinite expanse of water. I stand looking at it for a long time and the noise of the bells seems to fade away. The rising sun has already begun to illuminate the distant horizon and to dissipate the gentle mist that veils the city on this tropical morn. Now it is awake. Tiny little boats manned by handsome brown creatures, almost naked, go hastening by and ever and anon the rhythm of the bells resounds in my ears. The sun glistens and has now completely risen. The city begins to breathe and the noise of the bells grows louder and louder.

I am in Benares, the ancient city of temples, the holiest place of pilgrimage for all Hindus. Thousands of men, women, and children come here from the remotest parts of India. It is a long way from the edge of the stream to the holiest interior of the temple, for the sacred river is shaped like a golden sickle here and the backs of the people are bent, too, as they immerse themselves in the water to wash away their sins and the sins of their fathers.

Near the banks, beneath open umbrellas, sit endless rows of priests, or *pujaris*, dressed in scarlet with their knees crossed. Their lofty position, uncontested for centuries, makes them look conscious of possessing superior

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

virtues. Hawkers are selling flowers, rice, dates, and everything that is necessary to win the favor of the gods and their priests. The bathers, a mixed assortment of people with earnest, care-worn faces, people of all ages and types, speak a wide variety of dialects and their clothes and the way they wear their hair also differ. What versatility, what a genius for different combinations the Hindu possesses and brings to bear in every detail of his life!

Take, for instance, only the way they do their hair. Many of them have let a long mop of it grow in the middle of their heads and have shaved the rest. Others do not have any such tuft but have shaved their whole heads smooth. Still others wear their hair like Europeans, but a little longer in one place, to show that they are able to meet the demands of the modern age but do not want to abandon their religious practices. Yet, in spite of all this variety, the Hindus can readily be told from other Indians by their oiled heads and their *dhutis*, or smocks.

THE left half of the stairway leading down to the river is reserved for women. It is here that the widows, young and old, perform their rites. They all look alike with their shaved heads and their broad white *saris*, or women's cloaks, for bright colors are a sign of joy and everything joyful is forbidden them. What unfortunate creatures these widows are. Their life is one long chain of sorrows. They are often still young, having been married at an early age and having lost their 'masters' within a few weeks or months, and their religion is their only consolation. It is all that life holds for them. They have bright, serene, and open faces. They look almost radiant but they have deep lines about their mouths and there is nothing soft and feminine about their chins.

As one approaches the Ganges one passes ranks of *sadhus*, or holy men, who are divided up into strictly separated, self-sufficient groups. First there are those who beg openly for alms. Others read the *Ramayana* aloud and expect alms though they do not ask for them openly; and finally there are men with closed eyes, straight hair, strewn with ashes, who, sunk in prayer, never demean themselves to look and see what you have given them, though late in the evening they make a sharp enough reckoning. There are *sadhus* everywhere. One of unusual prominence stands on one leg, clothed in nothing but a little loin cloth. Another stretches one arm in the air and will remain in this position as long as you want to stand looking at him. But the most peculiar of all are the *mastas*, the 'God-intoxicated,' who keep running around in circles, jumping and leaping. There is a group of these fanatics, and woe unto any of them who gets in his neighbor's way. Many of the *sadhus* sit in holes that have been made in the walls of the temple. Behind all this activity there is but one motive, be it true or assumed, and that is piety, devotion, a laborious attempt at self-renunciation.

I let this great, strange spectacle work its magic upon me. The sun has now fully risen. The golden towers of the thousand temples of Benares glitter under the blue Indian heaven as they brilliantly reflect the sun's rays. Oil makes the surface of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water opalescent and the waves created by the little boats break from time to time its smooth, shimmering surface. The noise of the bells becomes fainter, drowned by the shouts of the children in bathing, and over all this noise the priests can be heard pronouncing their sacred songs which promise redemption to the bathers, who stand navel deep in the river and repeat the prayers verse by verse as the priests sing them over.

I know not why it is but I can no longer resist the appeal of these Sanskrit prayers. They carry my memory back to my childhood. I was born into a Brahman family, a family of the 'twice born.' The second birth is the more important. At its occasion the Brahman youth undergoes a tremendous ceremony and in recognition of his second birth the boy receives a holy cord which he wears the rest of his life. He is instructed in the mantras, the holy regulations, which only he, as a Brahman, can know. Finding myself in these surroundings I cannot help thinking of the time when I was a boy of nine and my orthodox parents gave thousands of rupees to have my second birth celebrated with all possible pomp and circumstance. I spent months with my priests on the banks of another holy river repeating the mantras.

To-day it seems to me as if the many years I have spent in Europe, as if all the European rationalism to which I have believed myself so fully committed, have no more power over me. I suddenly think I see clearly a line running back thousands of years to my ancestors who prayed on the banks of the Ganges to these same gods with these same prayers and I see at the other end of this line myself at nine years, myself a boy of seventeen, and then I suddenly feel the holy cord at my breast. No, I cannot be a mere foreigner, a mere spectator here. Like all the rest of these brown people I shall wear a *dhuti* and a holy cord. I shall plunge myself in the Ganges and I shall beg the priest to chant his prayer for me, slowly and earnestly so that I may understand its meaning. May this atmosphere of piety take possession of me, may these ancient bells sing their song and may the Ganges cleanse me of my sin. 'Lend me a *dhuti*, Tiwari,' I say to my companion, 'and also a holy cord, if you please.' A few minutes later I am in the river and am filling my hands with the waters of the Ganges and plucking two long blades of grass as I stare at the surface of the water and repeat the song of the priest.

'Hail to thee, O river of the Ganges, daughter of the Himalayas, thou who sprang from the hair of Siva. Here is the place where thou dost meet the River Assi, that sprang from the earth when the sword of the godhead, Durga, fell from heaven. Free me of my sins.'

After my bath I sit before the priest, who spreads on my hair a sandy paste in which two kernels of rice have been stuck. A bit of saffron is then burnt in a brass dish and the priest holds in his left hand a little bell which he keeps ringing as he repeats the *Gayitri* mantra, the holiest of holy prayers.

WE wander through the narrow, dirty streets to the temple of the god Vishvanath. At the only door leading into it we are assailed by a swarm of twenty or thirty widows asking for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alms. They live off these gifts and have a sharp eye for the quality of their victims. Among these widows I notice one in particular, more distinguished looking than the rest and not so forthputting. To judge from her clothes she may have come from Bombay. I go up to her and say in our common speech, 'O thou who art holy as the Ganges, whence dost thou come? Art thou here alone?' She is obviously disturbed at my open friendliness, gives me a quick look, and disappears without a word. Who knows but what this young woman may be a member of one of our best families and is refusing to let my words remind her of happier years and of the days when she was married, a young bride and established in her new home with all pomp, when she was known as the 'godhead' of the Hindu house until some chance or other made her life take its present turn?

Soon after this we journey down the river in a little boat toward another great flight of steps that is particularly holy because it is here that the god Indra, once lord of heaven, lost his earring, and for that reason the place is named 'Manikarnika.' Our boat goes to the place where the women bathe, wash their clothes, and pray. Quite a young woman is just leaving the water and when she changes her *sari* I gaze admiringly at her beautiful, firm little breasts. Another woman is standing in the water and her thin *sari* clings close to her body, setting off her pretty figure as she clasps her hands together and prays to God. Her luxuriant long hair reaches almost to her knees. Her face remains unmoved. The charming modesty of her bearing, the slender nobility of her limbs all go to make a picture of the sweetest, loveliest womanly grace. But there are also women thin as matches and still others who are fat and shapeless. I turn my eyes away and look at the great flight of steps at the top of which dead bodies are being cremated.

Midday is approaching and the tropical heat is terrific. But the black smoke that blows in our faces is hotter still. We are at the burial place. The stone steps have become so hot that they burn one's bare feet. A few steps higher and we come to a square court. I now see several pyres with smoke and flames leaping from them, and another has just been built. Two stalwart boys go to one end of the court and undress a dead body. Then one of them seizes its two legs and the other grasps it by the hands and they start it swinging: one, two, three. The dead body flies thirty feet into the air, alighting on the pyre, and a second body presently follows it in the same fashion. Thus two human bodies will lie one on top of the other, bodies of men who when they were alive perhaps never thought that they would be burned on the steps at Benares, although they could have had no dearer wish. The husky fellows now throw on a few more sticks of wood until the bodies are covered. Then a little petroleum is added and the whole thing set on fire. The same process then begins all over again a few yards away. The flames almost lick our faces. Tiwari, my good friend, opens his umbrella to protect ourselves from the heat, but the umbrella is blown away and we run off a few yards only to encounter a melancholy fellow with a long bamboo pole pushing the remains of the burnt bodies into a small hole, where they stay until several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred have been collected. Then they are all thrown into the waters of the Ganges. One body is not completely burned. The entrails, a black bundle, remain, and the melancholy man picks these up with his stick, which has a nail in the end of it, and puts them on another pyre. The spectacle is disgusting. One's heart contracts with horror. It is unbearable.

WE are again in the boat with a superb panorama of the ancient city spread out before us. The sun is shining its brightest. The water looks like quicksilver and it hurts one's eyes to look at it for any length of time. A few yards away I suddenly see to my horror the dead body of a big white bull, whose eyes the black Indian crows have plucked out. It is only twenty yards away from the bathing place. Beside the steps is a place where water flows down from a pipe and I ask the boatman to go over there, but Tiwari, the true protector, protests, 'No, this is enough for to-day.'

But I stand up. I must come to know Benares again. I will not shrink at anything. I will grasp fully the degenerations and depths to which my race has sunk. What good does it do me to close my eyes? We come nearer the stream of water, from which an indescribable smell arises that takes my breath away. It is the city sewer.

I no longer feel the burning sun or my painfully scorched feet. A tingling shame fills me. My pride has vanished and my illusions have withered. Only two days ago I was talking with the great-hearted millionaire, Shiva Prasad Gupta, the treasurer of the Congress, in his palace in this city. Yesterday I was present when they hoisted the Nationalist flag on the town hall and to-day this is my contact with the reality of this city. My native country is fighting a life-and-death struggle against foreign exploitation, but when will it fight against these monstrosities, which no clever words, no clever arguments, can talk out of existence?

We leave the flight of steps and return to the city. A policeman is skillfully regulating traffic. Modern shops offer English cigarettes and chewing gum. Two voluntary members of the Congress Party approach me and gently and politely remove the English cigarette from my mouth. A young man standing near us on the street begins shouting loudly, 'Special, all-Indian, genuine, guaranteed ice water, specially prepared for Benares students!' I do not let myself see how he prepares his 'special all-Indian' beverage. I would rather not know whether he puts his dirty finger into the liquid to see if it is cold enough, for I am dying of thirst.

As I go down the street I see approaching me an almost naked *sadhu* covered with dirt and ashes. He gives signs of recognition as he approaches me. Small and erect, he stands before me, puts his hands together, and says in perfect English, 'Sahib, four annas, please.' I turn to Professor Tiwari, who tells me this is the same *sadhu* I photographed when he was sitting with his eyes closed the other day. I hand him the four annas and say to him in my broken Hindi, 'Oh, sir, may this small gift help heal your earthly body while you let the great Lord care for your soul.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First an appreciative Englishman tells why the Scandinavian countries deserve more attention than they get. Then the foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève* gives an inside view of Sweden.

Neglected Scandinavia

By Two Foreign Visitors

I. The Forgotten Countries

By G. Malcolm Thomson

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

'BUT WE DO NOT forget them!' So am I liable to be answered by readers who will give most cogent proofs to show that Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, far from being forgotten, are in the very forefront of the British mental map of the Continent. The fiords . . . the Vikings . . . skiing . . . the Midnight Sun . . . Hans Andersen . . . Ibsen . . . Amundsen . . .

With all respect, I shall stick to the charge which I have implied. I admit that it is perfectly true that thousands of British people visit Norway for the winter sports at Finse or Holmenkollen, or for the salmon fishing, or for the summer cruises. It is also true that, ever since Ibsen stormed his way into our consciousness, we have done homage to a whole dynasty of Scandinavian authors. Yet, when we think of modern Europe and her problems, we persistently leave Scandinavia out of our reckonings. We do not forget the Balkans; Poland and Hungary have their own ways of reminding us of their existence. But the three kingdoms of the north, with their twelve millions of people and their astounding intellectual and artistic activity, remain at best shadowy and ill-focused on the rim of our apprehension. It is deplorable. If *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark is bad, Europe without the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians is worse.

In a way, it is natural enough. We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take account of those who annoy us or worry us. Now if only Norway and Sweden would stage a really good war . . . But, alas, when they had every opportunity of doing so, in 1905, they declined to oblige. If people will behave like that, what hope have they of getting into the papers and so into our consciousness? There are not even any sensational dictatorships or political assassinations. The Scandinavians in such respects behave so like ourselves that we do not think of them as Continentals at all, which is one reason why we forget them—and precisely the reason why we ought to remember them!

For us, Europe is the War and the countries we fought with or against. The Scandinavians, by remaining outside that catastrophic entanglement, displayed a shrewdness and enlightenment which we may admire, but they also cut themselves off from the main currents of European life. It is difficult for them to influence for good or ill the great movements which are changing the Continent. Yet their aloofness corresponds to a geographical fact. Norway and Sweden are, in effect, an island off the northern coast of Europe; Denmark is a small peninsula belonging by race and language to the Scandinavian 'island' and not to the European mainland. In many aspects, Scandinavia is a self-sufficing entity, with enough interplay of culture and circumstances within its area to ensure that fresh and vigorous blood is kept pulsing through the veins of the whole body.

One of the most surprising things which the foreigner finds, who knows little more of Scandinavia than that it consists of three entirely distinct kingdoms which have no more to do with one another than Belgium and Holland, is the number of links between one member of the trio and the others. To begin with, there is the question of language. The Dane and the Norwegian can understand one another as easily as the Scot and the Englishman, although the spelling and pronunciation of the two speeches differ somewhat. Swedish can be read without much trouble by Danes and Norwegians, but conversation is apt to be halting. Still, the fact remains that these three peoples can communicate with one another or read one another's newspapers with comparative ease.

There are numerous scientific and cultural associations common to the three which hold conferences in each of the capitals in turn: the Scandinavian Authors' Association has recently been meeting in Oslo. Sport—football, hockey, and athletics—again provides the occasion for common action. There are international contests as important as, say, the Rugby matches of the four British countries. And in the great Northern Games, the three compete in all the known forms of winter sports. Even the music halls contribute something to the impression of family life—with family jokes. The mean Scotsman beloved of English audiences finds his counterpart in the boastful Norwegian at whom I have heard Copenhagen audiences laughing, the naïve and placid Dane who delights Oslo, and the heavy, dignified Swede that amuses both cities.

Even in the realm of politics and the state, the sense of family exists. It does not take form as a military alliance, though both Norway and Sweden felt themselves entitled to be interested when the Danes proposed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abolish their army, but for postal purposes the other two Scandinavian countries count as 'inland' and not as 'abroad' in any one of them, and labor legislation is lighter for the immigrant workman from another Scandinavian country than for the rest of the world. And during the War there was an agreement between the three that no action should be taken by one government without informing the others.

Scandinavia is, then, a world apart, as Britain is a world apart. Like us, it has anxieties in Europe but no ambitions. Its attitude to peace and war and the League of Nations is the civilized, humane, disinterested attitude characteristic of post-war British statesmanship. It is a notorious fact that the only people with whom our delegates at Geneva feel an instant and complete understanding and identity of moral outlook are the Scandinavians. Yet this feeling of affinity has never become an active thing in British policy.

THE Briton in search of the inner truth about the three northern peoples would probably feel himself nearest to the heart of the Danes in the Tivoli in Copenhagen. The Tivoli is a sort of Prater in little, with switch-back railways, and side shows, restaurants of every kind and almost every price, bands, open-air music-hall entertainments, and hundreds of solid citizens of the Danish capital, rather short, rather stout, with cigars, throwing balls at Aunt Sallys and laughing like schoolboys. It is all very amusing and innocent and just a little childish. Its spirit is that of a simple, kindly, and well-behaved village on the day of a fair.

The Danes are an essentially middle-class nation, hard-working and a shade lacking in the finer sensibilities of life. But they know how to relax; their leisure is not the bored intermission of Main Street. In their restaurants you will find one of the two or three great cuisines of Europe; no amateur of gastronomy has any right to consider his Grand Tour complete until he has visited Krogh's Fish Restaurant in Copenhagen. When you go there, insist on having your national flag displayed on your table and do not leave before you have tasted the famous 'standing pancakes.'

The contrast between Dane and Norwegian is considerable. There is always a critical, pawky, bourgeois element in the Dane, saving him from exuberances. But the Norwegian is a creature of passion and adventure, wildly enthusiastic at one and the same time for the latest in American motor cars or fencing materials and for the oldest in Norse fabrics and houses and even language. His is a land of extremes, of village streets where the electric lights blaze in the shop windows all night and where a campaign to restore the old peasant dialect to the status of an official speech has already met with some success!

To see the Norwegian at his most characteristic you must go to some country railway station at the start of the shooting season and look at those tall, striding men going off alone with their dogs to hunt on the mountain wastes; or to one of the fiord islands in summer where everyone lives in or on the water all day and where you may sit for hour after hour, watching the sun set with exquisite and intolerable slowness—to rise again half an hour later!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But as for the Swedes, they are not so easily to be discovered. For Sweden has known the industrial revolution, and it still has an aristocracy. Yet amid the yellow glow of those Renaissance buildings in old Stockholm, where the superb uniforms of soldier and policeman give distinction to the crowd, you may begin to get an inkling of the truth about this nation, the most complex and richest in texture of all those of the north.

II. A Visit to Sweden

By William Martin

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

IF A DIAGONAL be drawn across Europe, hardly any genuine artistic monuments can be found on the northeast side of this line. By that I mean that most countries to the east were not sufficiently prosperous before the eighteenth century to create real artistic treasures. In northern countries, however, the lack of these treasures is due to a different reason. It arises from the fact that up to very recent days northern cities were built of wood and frequently burned down. Such is the case with Stockholm, now one of the handsomest cities of Europe. Indeed, one is almost tempted to say that in some respects it is the handsomest of all, though only yesterday it was a mere village of log cabins. The greatest gift that Queen Christina of Sweden could make her lovers was to build them houses of stone and thus Stockholm traces its beginnings to the generosity of an amorous woman.

Stockholm is a modern city. The oldest relics of what might be called the old city date from almost yesterday, that is to say from the eighteenth century. But there are all kinds of modern styles, and at least three different ones can be observed in this luminous capital, whose most remote corners are made bright and beautiful by the water from which its foundations arise and by the pale, shimmering light against which it is outlined.

First of all there is the parliament building, which was built about 1900. It stands beside the royal palace, and though it is a whole century younger it already looks old. What will the future think of our present style? We cannot tell, for by definition novelty has not yet undergone the test of time. The fate of our fathers, who thought beautiful what we consider ugly, should make us prudent and modest in our judgments.

It is, however, fully permitted to a man of my generation to state that no one could imagine a more perfect representation of what we consider the style of our epoch than certain public and private buildings in Stockholm. Nor do I have in mind only that splendid town hall begun on the eve of the War, built during those terrible years and inaugurated in 1923. It is a rare kind of success for any artist to enjoy—to create a masterpiece that at once imposes itself on the state of his contemporaries and that seems destined to remain to testify to the future of the epoch in which he lived. How can any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one from Geneva help envying the Stockholm town hall? Although this city has less than half a million inhabitants it did not hesitate to spend for its municipal palace a larger sum than fifty-five nations of the world put at the disposition of the League of Nations. Furthermore, it found artists who at a cost of thirty million Swiss francs have given it a building that will mark a date in the history of architecture and artistic taste.

IF THIS were an isolated success it would not be very remarkable. At one time or another all nations have produced some kind of genius. But in every quarter of Stockholm one finds private buildings that prove that the town hall is not a single fortuitous success but that it represents a whole school of art that can vary its effects and adapt itself to circumstances with almost invariable success. The skyscrapers and business houses with their horizontal windows and brilliant colors, the *Konserthus*, and the headquarters of the match trust are achievements that any city might well envy and that certainly cannot be duplicated anywhere in Western Europe.

Then there is a third modern style, the style displayed at the current exposition. This in a sense is the style of to-morrow, since it is no longer the style of to-day and since our taste has not yet passed upon it. But no one can tell whether this style will really please our children. It is not an authentically Swedish style. Nothing in the world compares to the two courtyards of the town hall, to the vestibule of the concert hall, or to the circular building of the Kreuger match company. The exposition, on the other hand, might just as well be taking place in Berlin or Moscow. There is nothing really Swedish about it except the waters of Lake Mälaren, in which are reflected its galleries, its gigantic roosts that look like illustrations from *Gulliver's Travels*, its music stand in the shape of a conch shell, and so forth. These vigorous structures are not all ugly but it must be admitted that they are a little terrifying and are inferior to what they contain in the way of glassware, ceramics, pewter vessels, and ravishing women.

Moreover, it would be a mistake to judge a city on its architectural appearance. An art is only worth the idea it expresses, and all these Swedish styles would be nothing at all, would represent only rapid decadence, if they were not the expression of a more profound collective reality. This reality is the fact that Sweden has just entered upon a period of economic prosperity, and that is what one must recognize first of all in the exposition. It was but yesterday, that is before the War, when Swedish economy was self-sufficient. At that time Sweden imported capital and what industrial progress it made occurred chiefly in the further exploitation of national markets. The War changed all that, not to such an extent as it changed the United States but as much as it changed Spain and for quite similar reasons. The War transformed Sweden economically into a country that exported capital and above all into a country that exported brains.

Nothing is more superficial than to try to understand a nation's economy independently of the men who execute it. Sweden's luck and merit were to discover at the decisive hour of her history certain business men of ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traordinary ability. If the natural resources of the country permit the manufacture of matches under good conditions and if its financial situation permits the financing of enterprises abroad, it is none the less true that only the personality of M. Kreuger can explain the economic power and international financial prestige that the Swedish match industry has enjoyed for some years past. The same thing can be said of M. Prytz in connection with lumber mills, pumps, separators, and telephones. If Sweden sells half the steel that is being disposed of in the free markets of the whole world she owes this fact to nature, but if she leads in certain mechanical products, if she excels America in many essential industries, she owes her supremacy to her business men. What characterizes Denmark is the economic specialization that has permitted the country to dominate completely in marketing certain products. Sweden's evolution in the industrial domain is quite similar. Specialization, indeed, has won her such success that there is not a single Swedish employer, engineer, banker, or worker with any industrial connections who pities himself. And there are not many countries of which this can be said. On the other hand, Sweden has not yet been able to imitate Denmark in the agricultural domain, with the result that she is now struggling with certain difficulties that for some time past have formed the basis of her politics.

THE wheat problem, which is now causing such grave concern in nearly every country in the world and which underlies Swedish politics as well, is nothing new here. It first came to a head in the 'eighties, when American wheat began appearing in the European market. It was then, after great party struggles, that the Swedish government decided to protect native wheat by a tariff. This decision is the cause of the country's present difficulties. It is probable that if Sweden, like Denmark and England, had remained a purely free-trade country the production of wheat would have declined and only enough would have been grown to meet the individual needs of the peasants, who would have been obliged to specialize in more profitable crops, as they did in Denmark. Thus the country would have established a firm economic foundation.

But since wheat and rye were protected, their production was maintained and even developed. At the present time Sweden grows about seventy per cent of the grain that she needs, but her products cannot compare with foreign products and in spite of great scientific efforts that have improved the quality somewhat, Swedish wheat only fetches eighteen crowns as against twenty-one crowns for foreign wheat. Yet even at this price the country imports about fifty to sixty per cent of the wheat it consumes, with the result that it has a surplus of twenty to thirty per cent more than it needs. The crisis, having long remained latent, has become intensified as the result of the excellent harvests of the past two years that Sweden, like other countries, has enjoyed. World prices have fallen just when Swedish farmers had more wheat than ever to sell. That is why they have asked for special protection.

The Conservative government in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stituted a commission to study the situation and two measures were recommended: increased tariffs and a law to oblige all millers to mix a certain quantity of native wheat with the imported wheat. The government supported these two proposals and the second quickly became law, but although this law was passed it has never been enforced. As to the other law, which involved increasing the tariff from 3.75 crowns to 6 crowns, it encountered the invincible resistance of the parliamentary majority. For the Socialists and Liberals are doctrinaire free-traders, which gives them a common meeting ground with the big industrial party, which in turn is eager to increase exports and not to raise the cost of living, since that would involve a fatal raise of wages. In short, it fears that higher prices would endanger Swedish exports and threaten the general prosperity of the country. This is the fatal consequence of agricultural protection.

The Conservative government was recently overthrown on this question of a wheat tariff and has been replaced by the Ekman ministry, whose parliamentary position is extremely weak. The radical party, of which M. Ekman is the leader, has only twenty-eight deputies out of a chamber of two hundred and thirty, but it has struck an agreement with the Socialists over the tariff and the reduction of military expenditures and has won Conservative support in its fight against the unemployment insurance that the Socialists advocate. The Conservatives have just abandoned power and the Socialists do not want to take it over because they would be completely dependent on M. Ekman. For that reason most people believe that the latter will be able to maintain himself for some time.

IN ANY case, his future depends on two questions. One of them, happily for him, is not pressing. It is Prohibition, and M. Ekman is a doctrinaire prohibitionist, although the great majority of the Swedish parliament oppose the measure. This question, however, is not active at the moment. The second question, on the other hand, is urgent and delicate. We have seen that the government refused to increase the protective tariff; it did not enforce the law about grinding wheat; in fact, the law has been used as an instrument to reach a benevolent agreement with the millers, who are centralized, well organized, and have agreed to mix forty-five per cent of native wheat and fifty per cent of native rye in all their flour. They have, moreover, undertaken to pay nineteen crowns for Swedish wheat and sixteen crowns for Swedish rye, which is two crowns more than the price on the free market. In return they have obtained the promise that the importers of flour shall likewise have to mix a certain proportion of native flour with what they import and, moreover, that if the importation of flour increases considerably the wheat law is to be immediately enforced. This benevolent arrangement has been put into effect too recently for its effects to be observed and it is too provisional to promise any definite solution of the crisis. The millers are only bound to this agreement until the fifteenth of September. And in respect to the new harvest they are reserving a definite decision until they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can know the quantity, the quality, and the price. Hence the Ekman ministry will find itself faced in a few weeks with the same difficulty that overthrew the Conservatives.

Another fact to be reckoned with is that even though M. Ekman, whom everyone recognizes as a clever man, overcomes this obstacle another and more serious difficulty will at once face him. As we have pointed out, Sweden up to now has had a surplus of twenty to thirty per cent of wheat and rye on its hands and this surplus has not been destroyed or thrown away. Some of it has been fed to Swedish cattle and some exported for Danish cattle. Thus two needs will remain and one of two decisions must be taken. Either Sweden will feed her cattle and pigs less or she will again increase her grain production. She will probably choose the latter alternative. The effect of any protective measure, whatever be its nature or name, is to increase production, in other words to increase the difficulty.

If we have explained Sweden's wheat problem in some detail it is not only because it is the reason for the last ministerial crisis and will probably remain the reason for future crises, but chiefly because it seems to us instructive to the world in general. Sweden's situation is very analogous to our own from the point of view of wheat. Production conditions are unfavorable, yet the farmer must be maintained both for social reasons and with a view to national defense. The way that Sweden is solving difficulties which we also face cannot leave us indifferent. On the other hand, it is clear that artificial measures of this nature favoring a production that natural conditions do not justify and increasing the total world production of wheat are going to sharpen the crisis in wheat-producing countries and to react unfavorably on the attempts the League of Nations is making to stimulate free trade. From all these points of view, then, Sweden is an exemplary case.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dean of St. Paul's, who was recently elevated to the peerage, reconciles his faith with the world he lives in. An interesting companion piece to Mr. Churchill's youthful bombast.

Christianity TO-DAY

By THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE

From the *Times*
London Conservative Daily

FROM THE TIME when I was ordained priest at the age of thirty-two, I have been convinced that the centre of gravity in theology was moving from authority to religious experience. Since 1911 my life in London has brought me into closer contact with the intellectual, social, and moral problems of our own day. As a result of the Great War we have passed through a veritable, though happily peaceful, revolution, which has shaken the foundations of our whole social and political structure. It was inevitable that after such a terrible experience all conventions, all traditions, all the convictions of the past, should be called in question. The deep discredit which that catastrophe was thought to have cast upon the old diplomacy was widely held to involve also the old religion. Not only was 'the failure of Christianity,' as proved by its inability to prevent the Christian nations from forming themselves into a mutual suicide club, proclaimed at every street corner, but Christian ethics, which had been almost taken for granted by the independent thinkers, philosophical as well as scientific, of the nineteenth century, were subjected to destructive and impatient criticism. In part this revolt only rendered more vocal and unabashed murmurs which had long found a subdued and half-reluctant expression. But in part there has been a real emancipation from traditions which no longer corresponded with the new scientific knowledge and with the new aspirations of a revolutionary epoch. For better or worse, nothing is now taken for granted or accepted on authority. The morality of the New Testament must stand its trial before the conscience of our generation, to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accepted or rejected on its merits as a guide for the men and women of to-day.

To very many Christians, who find peace and confidence in the belief that their faith speaks to them with an infallible and absolute authority, this claim of the world to judge the Church, instead of the Church the world, seems arrogant and intolerable. My own belief in the Incarnation and in the abiding presence of the Spirit of Christ in the world makes me share this feeling. I have no confidence that the spirit of this age is wiser than the spirit of past ages. With all our unparalleled progress in natural philosophy and the applied sciences, there has, I think, been no intrinsic advance in human intelligence and wisdom. The lamentable condition of the arts may make us diffident about our power of penetration into the things of the spirit. And yet I have no doubt that in the unquestionable progress which the human mind has made in certain directions we have a true revelation characteristic of the age through which we are passing, and that this revelation must affect some of our ethical as well as of our philosophical traditions. A great task awaits us in this century. To borrow Saint Paul's metaphor, the fire has come which must try the work of all the old builders, of what sort it is. The temple of God has been patched with much wood, hay, and stubble, the contributions of dishonest, ambitious, impatient builders. This must be consumed, that 'the things which are not shaken may remain.'

We seem to be in the last phase of a long movement of emancipation, which divides the modern period from the mediæval. The modern period has seen the emancipation of Northern Europe from the Latin theocracy, of subjects from their despots, of serfs from their feudal lords, and of the town laborer from the factory owner. It has emancipated Parliamentary electors from their representatives, now turned into delegates, and finally it has given the rights of citizenship to women, and partially broken up the home by persuading young girls that they have the right to 'live their own life.'

THERE are undoubtedly signs of reaction. Liberty has been temporarily destroyed in Russia, Italy, and other countries. Where there is no freedom of speech or public meeting, where the press and literature are rigidly censored, and education is in fetters, the priest is only waiting his time. Besides this, the anonymous and squalid tyranny of public opinion is a serious nuisance in some democratic countries. Many think that Western civilization is menaced by the tyranny of the average, the rule of the half-educated, with standardized religion, ethics, manners, and tastes. Nevertheless, what strikes everyone in the present situation is the complete emancipation of the individual, at least in the younger generation, from moral and social conventions.

The War is not the only cause of this revolt, though it enlarged the horizon of millions of soldiers, who saw foreign countries for the first time, and created in the minds of the young a deep distrust and indignation at the blundering of the older generation, which had landed the world in a ruinous internecine struggle, and had sent its sons to the shambles to expiate the follies of their parents. Meanwhile the new in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ventions were breaking down barriers of space and local custom more effectually than even the geographical discoveries at the end of the fifteenth century. Air journeys have abolished frontiers; broadcasting has made us cease to smile at Aristotle's dictum that all the citizens of a state ought to be able to hear the voice of a herald. The wireless installation and the cinema are the poor man's university, theatre, lecture hall, and opera house. A panorama of the world is shown for a few pence. Newspapers and popular books purvey information on every subject; the illustrated weeklies contain admirable articles on astronomy, physics, and natural history. The education so given may be superficial, but the enlargement of interests has given millions of people an entirely new outlook on the world. The sudden influx of so much new knowledge is intoxicating to many eager young minds; but none can doubt that it has had a civilizing influence, especially in the country districts.

It is no new thing that as soon as a great war is over, and even while it is still in progress, many young people should abandon themselves to amusement and to various forms of social excitement. Nervous tension sometimes demands relief of this kind; and there can be no doubt that many young men, thinking that they had a poor chance of being alive a year later, enjoyed themselves rather recklessly before leaving England for the front. After the peace, thrift was discouraged by crushing taxation; men preferred to spend their earnings rather than keep them to satisfy the rapacity of the Exchequer, or, on the Continent, to see them melt away under inflation of the currency. We must, therefore, discount something from the orgy of dissipation which broke out after the War. It is, in part at least, a transitory phenomenon.

But the reaction against Puritanism had gone far before 1914, and must not be attributed primarily to any external event which might have happened otherwise. Calvinism cannot be acquitted of an absurd and unsympathetic attitude toward innocent amusement. In the nineteenth century, especially in the earlier half of it, the 'gospel of work' was preached in season and out of season. As late as 1872 a Methodist school in America thought to make itself attractive by the following prospectus. 'We prohibit play in the strongest terms. The students shall rise at five o'clock summer and winter. Their recreation shall be gardening, walking, riding, and bathing without doors, and the carpenter's, joiner's, cabinet-maker's, or turner's business within doors. The students shall be indulged in nothing which the world calls play. Let this rule be observed with the strictest necessity; for those who play when they are young will play when they are old.' John Colet, in his statutes for Saint Paul's School, ordered that the boys were to have no 'remedies' (*i.e.*, holidays).

It need hardly be said that psychologists are unanimous in condemning these monstrous ideas. Play is a valuable part of life, for young and old alike; for children it ought to be a large part of life. Good teachers introduce a great deal of play into their lessons.

BUT, besides this, the modern man is no longer convinced of the necessity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for long hours of hard work. At the beginning of the industrial age productivity and thrift were extolled as the indispensable conditions of national prosperity. The Gospel of Work was fulminated by Carlyle, and echoed from a thousand pulpits. We are now being told that machinery has made drudgery superfluous, and that in many trades there is overproduction. Mankind has come into its fortune.

Is it possible to present a clear picture of an ethical type which is so far prevalent as to deserve to be called the characteristic type of the modern man? In order not to complicate my task beyond what I can hope to deal with, I will confine my observations to the British-speaking nations. There is a great degree of solidarity in European and American civilization, but differences of religion, institutions, origin, and climate make it impossible to draw a generalized picture of the whole white race. The difficulty is great enough without attempting this, for the ethical ideals of the working class are different from those of the bourgeoisie and from those of the aristocracy. And it may be that the War has deflected for a time the normal evolution of morals.

The idea of a gentleman is the fine flower of our national character. Stripped of its adventitious connection with heraldry and property in land, and with the class morality which brought it into disrepute when England was under an oligarchy, it is the finest ideal which a nation has ever set before itself. To it we owe most of the things in our history of which we may be reasonably proud. To it we owe our incorruptible magistrates, our habitual fairness, our instinct to help the weak and to hurry to the post of danger, our respect for speaking the truth, our dislike for tortuous and underhand procedures. We do not always live up to our convictions and of course many Englishmen do not even try to live up to them; but for all the world the English gentleman stands for a recognizable type. It is, beyond question, the national ideal.

Is this ideal Christian? That a great many English gentlemen are sincere Christians goes without saying, and it is often assumed by such men, in earnest talks with the young, for example, that the two words are almost interchangeable. This is the staple moral teaching in our public schools. Nor do I see anything amiss in this amalgamation of the two ideals. Democracy has purified the idea of gentlemanlike conduct by insisting that every human being has a right, and an equal right, to have his or her personality respected. This was always implicit in the chivalrous code, though in times of great social inequality it was forgotten. The 'pride' of a gentleman is merely *noblesse oblige;* he would fall short of his own ideal if he did not show himself true and just in all his dealings. I can find no point at which the code of honor and chivalry comes into conflict with the standard of the Gospels or the ethics of the New Testament.

THE social question, as we are accustomed to call it, has had a great effect on the teaching of Christianity. It has led to a profound secularizing of the Gospel, such as the world had not seen before, and to a revolt against religion in general which is also new. The revolutionary movement is bitterly anti-Christian, though in illogical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England attempts are made to effect a compromise.

Western Europe, in the throes of the long and exhausting Napoleonic War, was quite unprepared to deal with the new problems raised by the progress of mass production. England especially, where the new processes were mostly discovered, had no leisure to do anything except preserve its existence. Nor was economic science in a forward state. It is significant that Napoleon thought that the way to ruin England was to allow imports, especially of food, while closing all the ports of Europe against British exports. In this way he hoped he might drain England of money. Then came the peace, and the recovery. When we condemn the abuses of trade at that time, and bring a heavy indictment, as (for example) Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have done, against the landlords and employers of labor, we have to remember that the country was staggering under gigantic losses, which it endeavored very successfully to make good by increasing, through every possible means, the aggregate wealth of the nation. Hard work, low wages, and thrift were necessary to give England that predominance as a manufacturing country which it desired to obtain. In those days, instead of shutting our doors against cheaper and more efficient Asiatic labor, we went to war to compel China to trade with us. Lancashire was then in no fear of Oriental competition. There was immense material progress and an immense expansion of the rapidly increasing British race over all parts of the world. When politicians and ecclesiastics inveigh in unmeasured terms against the social system which produced these results, we may remind them that every great achievement involves self-denial and severe labor, and that the employers took their share in promoting what they believed to be the welfare of their country.

The revolt against modern social conditions had begun in the eighteenth century with Rousseau, before the effects of the Industrial Revolution had begun to be felt in France, or even in England. The influence of this sentimental rhetorician has perhaps been more pernicious than that of any other man who has ever lived. 'The great muddy stream which is submerging us,' says M. de Vogüé, 'flows from the writings and the life of Rousseau like the Rhine and the Po from the Alpine reservoirs which feed them perpetually.' He is the founder of sentimental humanitarianism, that mawkish travesty of Christianity which transforms morality by basing it solely on pity, and transfers guilt from the individual to the state under which he lives. Man is always innocent, the government always guilty. The truth on this matter was spoken long ago by Aristotle. 'Legislation against private property may have a specious appearance of benevolence; men readily listen to it, and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everybody will become everybody's friend, especially when someone is heard denouncing the evils now existing in states, which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, are due to a very different cause, the wickedness of human nature.' The morality of Rousseau is the morality of Tolstoi, and perhaps no foreign influence to-day is more subtly mischievous than the writings of these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prophets of unreflecting sentimentalism, who begin by assuming that authority is always wrong and all punishment immoral. Without Rousseau there might have been no Karl Marx and no Bolshevism.

So Rousseau, who initiated nothing, threw the torch into the powder magazine, and the conflagration is not yet extinct. Unluckily, as Anatole France says, when one starts with the supposition that all men are naturally good and virtuous, one inevitably ends by wishing to kill most of them. Sentimentalism, as Russia has proved once more, ends in tyranny and homicidal mania. Rousseau himself declares: 'If anyone, having publicly recognized these dogmas, conducts himself as if he did not believe them, let him be punished with death.' 'These priests and nobles are not guilty,' said Danton, 'but they must die because they are out of place, interfere with the movement of things, and stand in the way of the future.' Here surely we have the genesis of Bolshevism and of the two million executions by the Che-Ka.

CHURCHMEN are likely to differ in politics, like everybody else. If the hierarchy drills the flock to give united support to any party programme two things are certain—it will not be in any true sense a Catholic Church, and it will injure the state by organizing a body of voters who will not give their votes according to their free convictions. Popular government is imperiled whenever this latter state of things is allowed to exist, and is doomed to destruction whenever sections, organized for limited interests or intestine warfare, disown their primary duty to the nation of which they are a part. The choice for the Church is between political power and moral influence. We cannot doubt on which side a true follower of Christ should range himself. . . .

Economic moralists have devoted too much attention to distribution and not enough to consumption. Who is it that ordains that the whole labor of myriads of men shall be wasted—devoted to producing things that nobody ought to want? Not the capitalist, but the consumer. The demand creates the supply, and in all the richer countries a large portion of the demand is vulgar, senseless, and selfish. The amount of money wasted on champagne, women's dress, cosmetics, sweetmeats, betting, and other barbarous indulgences would amply suffice to put an end to poverty and to restore the financial credit of the war-stricken nations. It seems to me that, though the New Testament has very little to say about distribution, it has a great deal to say about consumption, and that the homely maxim, 'Waste not, want not,' may be what society most needs to-day. On the whole this is an argument for indirect taxation, applied to the luxuries of rich and poor alike.

Dr. Rathenau, the German statesman and financier whose career, to the great loss of his country, was cut short by assassination, pleaded earnestly for greater simplicity and a reduction of waste. It is the mechanizing of life that has condemned so many bourgeois ladies to a life of futility. 'Man has wrenched the key from her hand, and has given her a purse instead.' . . .

A study of modern fiction [is] the mirror in which our society sees itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are many exceptions, but the majority of the most distinguished novelists share certain characteristics. In spite of the psychological analysis on which some of them pride themselves, there is a superficiality about their whole view of life and a conspicuous lack of nobleness in their pictures of human nature. If the objects of the writers were merely to present witty or satirical sketches of modern society, we should have no right to complain of the omission of the serious underlying realities. But these novelists are writing seriously; and yet the deeper aspects or meanings of life, on which to the religious mind all its value depends, scarcely exist for them. This may be a passing fashion; but these popular new books are very saddening to a Christian, quite apart from the sex appeal which is too prominent in many of them. In the classical British novelists there was a tradition of nobleness which is dismally lacking in most of the fiction of to-day. . . .

CHRISTIANS have the double duty of coöperating with the *Zeitgeist* wherever its tendencies seem to be favorable to true moral progress, and of resisting it wherever it seems to be incompatible with Christian principles. We must recognize that the special revelation which has been made to our age comes through natural science. The mere progress in knowledge of natural laws—especially about the conditions of health, and the young but obviously very important study of psychology—imposes upon us new moral duties, or at least indicates new methods of discharging duties which have been long recognized. The science of heredity and eugenics is beginning to be important, and will become more so. The Church must eschew jealousy; it must not refuse to accept coins which are not stamped with its own superscription. It must gladly accept the diffusion of popular education, and help in what is really a new and most interesting experiment—that of imparting the best culture available to the whole population. In these and other ways Christians should make the best of the existing social ideals, and try to moralize them in the spirit of Christ.

On the other hand, there are ideals now popular which Christians must resist without compromise. Practical materialism, secularity, and the negation of discipline are, as we believe, really contrary to the laws of life as ordained by God and revealed in Christ. We are meant to live in fairly hard training, and to take life in a far more serious spirit than would be reasonable if we believed that we have no 'citizenship in heaven.' It would be well if Christians quite openly professed and acted upon a higher standard than that of the world around them. This is unquestionably the Christian method of leavening society.

The Christian Church suffers from what it is the fashion to call an inferiority complex. We are ashamed of being in a minority; we are distressed because our churches are half empty. Many of them would be much emptier if the Gospel was preached in them. Bishop Gore has said that we want, not more Christians, but better Christians, a saying which ought not to be misunderstood. It does not mean that the influence of Christian ideals is confined to those who call themselves Christians. It is certain that this is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so. Christianity has for very many centuries been one of the integral factors of Western civilization. The ethics of the Western world have long been, in the main, Christian ethics. Parts of the Christian revelation have entered the life of Europe as a permanent enrichment of its culture. These are no longer dependent on the Church and clergy. But the structure of society, and the conduct expected of its members, fall in many respects far short of the Christian standard, and a society of convinced disciples of Christ is needed both to bear witness to the faith that is in them, and to support each other in resisting that confederacy of coöperative guilt with limited liability which the New Testament calls the world. . . .

The Church, like a wise householder, must bring out of her treasure things new and old—not so much some things that are new and others that are old, as new things that are the legitimate interpretation of the original Gospel for a state of society of which the first Christians never dreamed, and old things upon which the illuminating Spirit has passed with quickening breath and revealing light. It will be long before European civilization reaches a state of stable equilibrium. We may see strange experiments in practical ethics, and the authority of Christ may be more widely rejected than it is to-day. But I have no fear that the candle lighted in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago will ever be put out. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leuna,—the 'artificial city,'—where German chemists extract nitrogen from the thin air, is a symbol of this modern age of ours. A visitor from Vienna describes it inside and out.

Germany's City of Robots

By HANS NATONEK

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

THE TERRITORY BOUNDED by Leipzig, Halle, Merseburg, and Weissenfels, an almost equilateral triangle, is going to be tremendously modified by the gigantic Leuna works, the greatest labor centre in this whole district. The nitrogen plant in Leuna alone employs as many men as fifteen of the biggest industries in Leipzig put together, and the rapid, unparalleled, and uneven growth of this enterprise has fallen into three vast periods of building expansion. Problems have been raised of a social, economic, and architectural nature, as well as a traffic problem on which municipal and industrial authorities are still at work. In short, this industrial centre forms a classic experimental laboratory, and lively competition has developed here between the different communities that radiate about the Leuna works. All the towns in the neighborhood are endeavoring to attract laborers to them.

It is remarkable how thoroughly this chemical plant in central Germany has planned its growth, cared for all its employees, and at the same time perfected its supplies of coal and water, which pour in here in limitless quantities. The Saale will become a second Ruhr. Water, air, and coal are pumped into Leuna through its pipe system at a terrific rate. Anything, provided it is cheap, enters this factory where miraculous processes transform it into some new material. The Saale flows through the plant, winding among dozens of factory buildings where it is changed into acids and gases, compressed into steam, then transformed into water again, and when the river finally leaves the fac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory it is passed through a filter that leaves it cleaner than it was before. Indeed, this final filtering process is a kind of by-product of the mighty and poisonous chemical industry.

Alternate processes of growth and shrinkage have caused the number of workers here to vary tremendously. At one time thirty thousand men were employed, but the number suddenly sank to fifteen thousand, and this variation determines the destiny of each community. The inhabitants fall into two principal groups: those who now make their money in Leuna and those who used to make their living here but have now been thrown out of work. Many signs of destruction can be seen and nearly all the former mine operators about Leuna have been bought out at an average price of about twenty-six thousand marks each. This process has advanced so steadily that the employers of labor, even in the outlying districts, fear their turn is coming next, though such an advance depends on the genius of chemical inventors who, if they are successful, will cause a fourth period of building expansion to follow the third.

JUST now, the manufacture of nitrogen from air for synthetic fertilizer has not advanced, since the present output of the so-called 'salt of the earth' seems adequate, and the attempts to make liquid coal, to which many kilometres of factories are given over, also appear to have reached their maximum development. Nevertheless, the chemical laboratories are still busy and each day may bring some new invention whose technical promotion will demand the labor of thousands of workmen. It is no Utopian fantasy to foresee that this district may become as important as the Rhenish-Westphalian conglomeration of cities, provided the Leuna works and the brown coal mines in its thickly populated surroundings keep growing at the same rate.

Yet even at the present moment the proportions of the enterprise are fantastic enough. Any single factory building of the Leuna chemical works is the size of a metropolitan railway station. The gas tanks contain enough gas to supply greater Berlin for eight days. The Leuna works cover a larger area than many big capitals. The warehouses where the 'salt of the earth,' synthetic potassium nitrate, rises to mountainous heights, have room in them for the population of a fair-sized city. Twenty-five thousand railway cars are needed to carry away this white fertilizer. But the great heating plants, whose thirteen chimneys emerge from a hollow as big as a whole farm, really symbolize the whole district. Three hundred kilometres of railway tracks run through this hermetically sealed chemical city, whose architecture is as mighty as it is bizarre. Naturally, such a conglomeration of technical and economic power dominates the whole surrounding country.

Industry has become the founder and developer of cities just as emperors and priests used to be. Of course, a stroll through such an artificial city as the typical Leuna settlement of Rössen is not very pleasant. The place looks almost deserted, and its silent, empty streets make a profound impression. The whole residential section is nothing but a kind of dwelling apparatus. Only when the shift changes do the street-cars begin mov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing along their geometrically arranged tracks. They look as if they were numbered, though each one has its own name. Life goes on here behind two big walls, the factory wall and the wall of the dwelling houses. The big, bleak street-cars seem to be mere accidental growths and appear to have no destination or æsthetic ambition. The streets run close together because all the houses have been set down in rows, each row being no wider than is necessary to provide room for the sleeping and dwelling quarters of the workers. In this way street after street has grown up, yet they are not really streets at all, especially those that skirt the great factory wall for many kilometres. Bright and friendly as this industrial city is in many respects, it cannot conceal the fact that it merely grew up from a settlement of barracks.

From the point of view of town planning, it makes a very interesting study. In spite of its solid appearance the whole city has an improvised character. It seems to be made out of wreckage, for it was not created from eternal values but by industry. Perhaps, of course, Neu-Rössen, whose population has multiplied twenty-five times over in the past ten years, will some day be bigger than Quedlinburg. Nevertheless it can hardly hope to possess the character of a city that has grown organically. The uniformity of its inhabitants, who are nothing but a gang of laborers, prevents this. Furthermore, this artificially constructed city has no centre, no market place, no church. It is all built around the hard lines of the factory walls and its true cathedral is the group of thirteen chimneys, that keep forming themselves into new, surprising perspectives, depending upon the angle from which one views them. The thing worth seeing in this artificial city is its workshops, whose originality and variety of form seek to express their many purposes. This is because within their secret depths chemical and technical processes are occurring, gases are being compressed and heated as they never have been before. Here the elements of the atmosphere are separated and combined again in marvelous new ways,—treatment which air has heretofore resisted. In the space of a few minutes strange chemical processes turn the nitrogen extracted from the air into ammoniac salts of sulphur and lime, which will cause the crops of the earth to fructify many times over.

A paradoxical but very characteristic element in this municipality's development is that its churches were built in its outlying districts after the settlement had taken form. The Catholic church stands near the tennis courts and near it the Evangelical church is just being completed. The residential district overlooking the Saale wears a different aspect. It has the aristocratic appearance of a fashionable suburb, although the eternally smoking factories in its rear proclaim unmistakably the purely purposeful character of this industrial centre.

THE smaller towns in the vicinity are losing their rustic character and are turning into industrial settlements with long rows of houses all just alike, and eventually these settlements are bound to be all welded together. It would, however, be a good thing if they could keep their residential character. Everyone knows what kind of towns used to exist along the Rhine and the Ruhr. There, however, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factories have turned them into hundreds of tenements grouped together without any planning, a formless jumble of proletarian dwellings held together by street-cars, soon growing into so-called cities of many hundred thousand inhabitants, and finally becoming metropolises. It is to be hoped that such a development can be avoided in the district between Halle and Leipzig. From an architectural point of view, a number of pretty little industrial residential districts are growing up, and as this development proceeds they will tend to attach themselves to Merseburg, Halle, or Leipzig. Finally, however, through some act of incorporation, they will form themselves into a single city.

Up to now industry has little cause to boast of its achievements in planning and developing cities. But in Leuna the power of the dye trust has enabled a far-reaching plan to be put into operation. Except for the Zeiss factories in Jena, which, however, were built up in conformity with the socialistic statutes of their founder, Professor Abbès, and which are not the fruit of a purely profit-making enterprise, nowhere else have I seen such splendid work as has been undertaken here, including as it does a big community hall with a huge flight of steps, airy dining rooms, a big library, and a workingmen's theatre that seats almost as many people as the Schauspielhaus in Leipzig. This theatre has a round stage and modern lighting effects and looks like any big metropolitan theatre. Incidentally, this experiment in Leuna has become one of the most highly praised sidelines that the Leipzig theatres have undertaken. It is also significant in that it is tending to influence Leuna with the culture of Leipzig.

A chemical organization dealing in as many different commodities as Leuna does, with coal and sulphates pouring into it in an unending stream, naturally forms a complete unit. One can climb great piles of rubbish ninety feet high that look like sand dunes, and from this point of vantage survey the unique spectacle of this gigantic industrial centre, a seething, topsy-turvy, half-excavated expanse of uneven country like a glacial moraine. One does not seem to be standing on a pile of slag but on some geological eruption. From this mass of rubbish that extends for many kilometres one can appreciate the multitude of factories. Gray ashes from their chimneys cover the roofs of the houses. The acids in the air irritate one's nose and throat and the scaffoldings of the big factory buildings remind one of Schönfeld's paintings. Everything to do with Leuna is gigantic.

This pile of rubbish stands like a dike protecting the fields and meadows from the flood of industrialism. The deep roar that comes up from the factories sounds like distant surf. How long will this dike hold? Some day the waters of industry will break through or else the dike itself will start moving when some chemical laboratory makes a new discovery that demands the building of a new factory. Here as everywhere, industry and agriculture are clashing. Yet all the farming country that is taken over will be put to good use, because the nitrogen made there will more than compensate for the lost agricultural acreage. Through chemistry the 'salt of the earth' will produce fresh gains.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

Aldous Huxley's Progress

By André Maurois

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

'Intelligent to the point of being almost human.' In these words Aldous Huxley describes one of his heroes, the novelist, Philip Quarles. This character bears a singular resemblance to its creator and Huxley several years ago might well have been defined as Philip Quarles, but his talent from book to book has followed an ascendant progress from pure intelligence to a pure humanity which does not exclude intelligence but which cannot be satisfied by intelligence alone. Huxley's first novels had a familiar ring to French ears. In *Crome Yellow* the learned, sensual characters, dominated from far above by their author, exchanged against an English countryside remarks worthy of a Jérôme Coignard or a Bergeret, but a Bergeret who was more a doctor than a philosopher and who would have studied science rather than have taught literature. Through its fantasy, skill, and grace this was an astonishing beginning in which charm rather than force predominated.

His next novels, *Antic Hay* and *Those Barren Leaves*, and two books of short stories, several of which are excellent (*Two or Three Graces*, *The Gioconda Smile*), revealed both an enrichment and a deepening. With *Point Counter Point* it seems that Aldous Huxley has joined the company of the greatest novelists. Such, in any event, is the opinion of those who believe that André Gide's *Faux-Monnayeurs* is one of the great French novels, and I am one of them. *Point Counter Point*, unlike the classic novels of Balzac and Stendhal, is not a continued history of a central event or the life of one or more characters. It is not a 'novel-river,' but rather a novel of additions. One scene is laid in an intellectual milieu of writers, painters, scholars, and men of the world. All the elements thus isolated are described and through them appear the beliefs, sentimental reactions, and absurdities of a certain group of the British intelligentzia of about the year 1926. It is not a thesis novel, for such an intellectual counterpoint only looks upon doctrines as themes and the author develops them, weaves them together, but does not judge them. It is rather a novel of ideas. 'The chief defect of the novel of ideas,' says Philip Quarles, 'is that you must write about people who have ideas to express —which excludes all but about .01 per cent of the human race.' Perhaps,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but the hundredth of one per cent that remains is very interesting and its human importance is greater than its numerical importance.

Thus certain themes run side by side, sometimes in parallels, sometimes in converging paths. Walter Bidlake, who lives with Marjorie Carling, is tired of that intelligent, sentimental woman. He loves Lucy Tantamount, a devourer of men, a cynic who makes him suffer. John Bidlake, Walter's father, who was a great painter and a very physical lover, is going, as Giraudoux would say, to 'cancer and death' and regrets leaving the life he loved so much. Philip Quarles, novelist and son-in-law of Bidlake, witnesses the action as a spectator, like the character of Edouard in *Les Faux-Monnayeurs:* 'Put a novelist into the novel. But why draw the line at one novelist inside your novel? Why not a second inside his? And a third inside the novel of the second?' A kind of laboratory Julien Sorel named Illidge and a mystic named Spandrell assassinate Everard Webley, a strange creature who tried to create a Fascist organization in Great Britain. From these themes and several others a musical tapestry is woven. It is counterpoint, in many parts, of life and death, of richness and poverty, of love and hate, of desire and pity. 'What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws—Passion and reason, self-division's cause?' The novel raises the question and gives no answer. A novel is not supposed to provide a reply. 'When I describe horse thieves,' says Chekhov, 'I do not add that it is wrong to steal horses. That is the jury's business, not mine.'

But in truth, Huxley is less objective than Chekhov. He has a doctrine which he has just explained in a volume of essays entitled *Do What You Will* and, in spite of his very just æsthetic fear of the danger of taking sides, he cannot keep from showing a marked preference for some of his characters. If Philip Quarles seems to us like Huxley the novelist, Mark Rampion, I believe, expresses the ideas of Huxley the philosopher. For Mark Rampion, Blake was the last civilized person, that is, the last man who harmoniously developed both his body and his spirit. It is the barbarian who sacrifices one or the other. 'To be a complete man in a state of equilibrium is a difficult task but is the only one set us. Nobody's asking you to be anything but a man. A man, mind you. Not an angel or a devil. A man's a creature on a tight rope, walking delicately, equilibrated, with mind and consciousness and spirit at one end of his balancing pole and body and instinct and all that's unconscious and earthy and mysterious at the other. Balanced. Which is damnably difficult. And the only absolute he can ever really know is the absolute of perfect balance. The absoluteness of perfect relativity.'

If one compares this text of *Point Counter Point* with the essay on Pascal one sees that Mark Rampion is a good disciple of Aldous Huxley. To the '*memento mori*' Huxley opposes a '*memento vivere.*' Brother, one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must live, live wholly, live through the spirit as well as through the instinct. You will find in this book the most savage invectives against religious men like Saint Francis or atheists like Shelley, who wished to sacrifice the body. But old John Bidlake, the pagan who loved only bodies, will die in a decay of his own. In a fine essay on Molière, Mauriac replies with force and good sense to those who defend the morality of the instincts. 'There are many opposite ways of displeasing nature and the mystics violate their bodies less than voluptuaries do.' To this Mark Rampion would reply that in order to advance along this tight rope, and in order to maintain one's self on it, one must be neither a mystic nor a voluptuary, and Mauriac would then say to Mark Rampion that equilibrium is a myth 'to the nature that carries within itself a mad exigence.' The dialogue would never end.

What is the value of this novel, considered as a work of art? To the English reader it brought something very new. Huxley is the first writer, or perhaps the second, because E. M. Forster in *A Passage to India* may have been the first, who reëchoed in English literature the notes struck by Proust and Gide. And to the French reader he is no less rich. He reveals to us an England that we do not know—cynical, anarchistic, brilliant. It is only a little group and even since 1926 it has changed. But the æsthetes of the 1880's were no more numerous and their influence was great. Lucy Tantamount and Illidge are elements that one must take into account if one wishes to understand contemporary English society.

But perhaps the greatest originality of Huxley's lies in the fact that he is the only living novelist with a solid scientific culture, so assimilated that it has transformed his whole conception of the world. I say the only living novelist because Proust possessed that culture and the medical metaphors he used are some of the most beautiful elements in his work. Gide is a naturalist but I do not believe a physician. Huxley has a very exact vision of the image the universe presents to a great scholar of our time and he distills from this vision a poetry of his own. There is in *Point Counter Point* the outlines of a new *De natura rerum*. In certain passages, scientific learning submerges the novel, just as archæological erudition did with Anatole France. This is the greatest danger that Huxley as a novelist faces. But I believe he knows it, for, more and more in his work, simple humanity is regaining the ground once occupied by the dazzling paradox. 'It's the substitution of simple intellectual schemata for the complexities of reality,' says Philip Quarles. 'It's incomparably easier to have profound ideas about metaphysics and sociology than to know personally and intuitively a lot about one's fellows and to have satisfactory relations with one's friends and lovers, one's wife and children.' In *Point Counter Point* Huxley shows himself master of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faculty. His gifts as a satirist are brilliant. Mrs. Betterton, Mr. Sita Ram, and above all the admirable Burlap are creations possessing all the force of Dickens. But the opening scenes between Walter and Marjorie, so tragic and true, are worthy of the great Russians, which is a new kind of eulogy to pronounce on a great Englishman.

Conan Doyle's Last Words

By W. R. Titterton

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

'LET ME SIT on the couch beside you,' said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 'In every other way I'm the man I always was, but my heart's claiming some of my attention, and it is better not to tire my voice.'

He looked very huge, sitting beside me, with his grizzled eyebrows, the farseeing eyes of the voyager, his massive head, square jaw, and viking moustache. He was, indeed, much more like an old warrior than an old story-writer.

'What are we here for?' he said. 'Well, perhaps we can guess that only by being clear on what we are not here for.

'It cannot be the object of life that we should have three meals a day and a sound night's rest. Nor that we should work at some humdrum task, as most of us have to, for from eight to ten hours a day. That seems clear, doesn't it?'

W. R. T.: Well, Sir Arthur, there is some ground for the idea that the work of a man's hands is his reason to be. Yours, for instance . . .

Sir Arthur: My work is not typical. What of the liftman and the machine-minder? Was man made to work a lift, or look after a machine?

W. R. T.: Obviously not! But then I submit that no man should have such daily tasks.

Sir Arthur: That is another question. In any case I think it is clear that we must look elsewhere for the purpose of man's existence. The difficulty is that trying to ascertain the purpose of any single life is like taking one chapter from the middle of a story, and then wondering what the beginning and the end can be. [He placed his strong hands on his great knees, and his eyes took on that far look which seemed natural to them.] To me it is clear that the function of all creation is to move from the material to the spiritual, and that therefore the spiritualizing of the individual is the object of life.'

W. R. T.: And the means to that end?

Sir Arthur: Sorrow and conflict are the two most powerful.

W. R. T.: Then sorrow is not an evil?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir Arthur: No, indeed. It is the very essence of the process. In a spirit message I read once: 'We do pity the poor people who have no sorrows.' Another said: 'It is like the scales, when the pan of sorrow goes down, the other pan goes up.' If a man of seventy is no more gentle, kindly, sympathetic, unselfish than he was at thirty, then his life has been wasted. He has not become more spiritual, and he must go through life again, either here or in another sphere. Most men, I think, do improve, and therefore fulfill the object of life.

W. R. T.: Is a creed necessary?

Sir Arthur: I do not think creeds have any effect. You cannot say that the increase in spirituality is greater in a Roman, a Greek, or a Lutheran community.

W. R. T.: But don't these three churches define the object of life in similar terms?

Sir Arthur: They have all the teaching of Christ and the example of His life to guide them. But it is deeds, not creeds . . . Character is everything, belief is nothing. An agnostic may be a saint, a purist in doctrine may be a devil. The age of faith is dead.

W. R. T.: Yet you believe in God.

Sir Arthur: I realize the existence of something wise and all-powerful which I call God. But that is not faith, it is knowledge. This is the age of knowledge. Knowledge will come and is coming through communications from beings who are superior to ourselves.

W. R. T.: But is not faith needed to accept these communications?

Sir Arthur: We accept nothing without proof. The religion of the future will be built up from the standpoint of two worlds, not of one.

W. R. T.: Yet you say that you receive communications from beings superior to ourselves.

Sir Arthur: Yes, they have gone on improving in the other world, but our purpose and place in the beyond is regulated by our unselfishness here. And that is the object of life, that is the teaching of spiritualism, which foolish clerics ignore as a mass of delusions.

W. R. T.: I do not think it is an illusion, but is it not dangerous?

Sir Arthur: It has its dangers, like all spiritual and physical phenomena. Naturally the spirits who can most readily communicate with us are those nearest to earth. Those are not the highest. Some of them may be of very low mentality, perhaps even mischievous, but they are not devils.

W. R. T.: What of dogmatic religion?

Sir Arthur: There should be a clearing of old ruins. That has largely been done. One should not be too drastic. One should hold on to all that can be held on to. Above all, without any mysticism, the character of Christ and His teaching give us a permanent standard of ethics. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sermon on the Mount and spiritual communications give us all that is needful. The messages from beyond are infinitely consoling.

W. R. T.: In what way?

Sir Arthur: They show us that we all can reach the ultimate goal.

W. R. T.: What is the ultimate goal?

Sir Arthur: Life on a higher plane. Death for the average man is the beginning of his true and happy life in which he is not changed or translated to an unimaginable and uncomfortable hell, or a hardly less uncomfortable heaven. He finds a natural life in homely surroundings, in which he develops his own natural powers. Death makes no change. Still, if the attempts to communicate with the spiritual world be made frivolously, the result may be disastrous. You may get a case of obsession.

W. R. T.: I have no doubt of that. . . . [And I told him of a poet who, with two friends, tried to raise a spirit; and how one of them went mad, and the poet was for years obsessed by the thing they had raised.]

Sir Arthur: Are you sure of that?

W. R. T.: I had it at second hand. My informant is a trustworthy person.

Sir Arthur: Well, it is possible. But when the attempt to communicate is prompted by sincere desire for greater spiritual knowledge such things do not and cannot occur.

W. R. T.: You use prayers and hymns?

Sir Arthur: Yes, simple prayers for guidance, and such simple hymns as 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

W. R. T.: You were not always a spiritualist. I gathered from your earlier books that you were an agnostic.

Sir Arthur: I was brought up a Catholic and educated at Stoneyhurst. When I studied medicine I came to adopt the agnostic position. And, on its own plane, I still think it is unanswerable. Then I was persuaded to attend a seance, and I got absolute proof that it is possible to communicate with the unseen world. But I attached no importance to the fact. Indeed, though I studied the question for twenty-five years, it was only when war came that I realized the tremendous value of the discovery. Now I live to spread the knowledge of it and to gain more knowledge. You should come to one of our meetings. We have churches all over England now.

W. R. T.: I am afraid.

Sir Arthur: There is no need to be. It will make you very happy.

Out in the hall I was introduced to Lady Doyle and Sir Arthur's two large sons. I told them that I had read every one of Sir Arthur's stories, and knew many of them almost by heart. So we tackled the Sharkey ones; and the adventures of that black-hearted, filmy-eyed pirate and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his encounters with Stephen Craddock and Copley Banks were passed in review. There was no time for more than that. I got through with honors, and my host was pleased. For I remembered the stories far better than he did. I am not certain, but I rather think that throughout the interview we did not mention the name of Sherlock Holmes.

Lord Beaverbrook

Translated from the *Revue Universelle*, Paris Clerical Semimonthly

TWO MEN are to-day governing the British press, two men whom it is impossible to separate from each other although they are not identical in origin, interests, or appearance. The one is Lord Rothermere, brother and heir to the famous Lord Northcliffe, proprietor, animator, publisher, and editor of an important group of newspapers, chief among them the *Daily Mail*. The other is Lord Beaverbrook, a passionate and often maladroit adversary of Stanley Baldwin, from whom he has just tried without success to wrest the leadership of the Conservative Party. Both Rothermere and Beaverbrook belong to this party. Both, however, seem to have no dearer aims in life than to sow dissension among the Conservatives and to ruin through their manœuvres, speeches, and writings the rather enfeebled authority of the treaties on which the very precarious peace of Europe still rests. To these ends they have consecrated their influence and wealth and newspapers, with the result that the English have jokingly merged their names into one, 'Beavermere.' They have both, each in his own way, acquired the public ear, and their articles, diffused by the millions, are read with the greatest attention not only by the public but by politicians of all parties.

Canadian by origin like his former patron, Bonar Law, Lord Beaverbrook is the son of a Protestant preacher from New Brunswick in eastern Canada. While he was still called Max Aitken he devoted himself until the age of thirty with all his petulant activity to getting rich as quickly as possible, an occupation which, as everyone knows and as Lord Beaverbrook loves to repeat, demands all one's energies, especially when one chances to be born on the other side of the 'big pond.' Max Aitken succeeded fairly well in this task, for when he left his native Dominion in 1910 to go to Europe his fortune amounted to a million pounds sterling.

Grace unquestionably touched him from the first moment he set foot on the soil of Albion. Moreover, he himself one day declared that if the chief function of the American is to make money the chief function of the European is to enter politics. Thus as soon as he arrived in England he became the private secretary of Bonar Law and in this capacity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he immediately made himself suspect among the Conservatives. Soon afterward he began buying newspapers, became William Maxwell Aitken, then Baron Beaverbrook, and finally entered the House of Lords, where he has headed the rather limited group of Conservatives definitely hostile to France.

A curious spirit, Lord Beaverbrook has devoted the most ardent interest to the development of nations and peoples. He searches, asks questions, and investigates wherever he goes. His conversation is rapid, incisive, alert, his thought often too hasty, his conclusions and decisions not sufficiently mature. He has neither the calm, the distinction, nor the prudence of his fellow fighter, Lord Rothermere. His imagination carries him away. Very volatile, very active, very young in his appearance and enthusiasm, he does not give the impression of being a capable leader. And this impression seems to be correct. Although supported by his newspapers, the *Daily Express*, the *Sunday Express*, the *Daily Sketch*, and the *Evening Standard*, and by those of Lord Rothermere, the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Pictorial*, *Sunday Dispatch*, and *Evening News*, he has not yet succeeded in attaining any positive result. It appears that the periodicals that he himself owns enjoy a total circulation of more than eight million copies. This, however, has not prevented the Conservatives from turning to Stanley Baldwin when the moment comes to make great decisions and assuring him of their confidence.

Not long ago, Lord Beaverbrook made the acquaintance of the international public when he organized last December what he himself rather pretentiously called the 'crusade' against free trade. It is clear that in spite of the electoral failures that the English Tories have suffered by adopting protection, they have never renounced their theories on the subject. It is also evident that many Englishmen, faced by the outrageous, awkward measures of the United States, which seem to be forcing Europe to unite against Yankee imperialism, consider protectionism as an indispensable element in any domination. That is why Lord Beaverbrook with the approbation of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who saw in these ideas a weapon to turn against the free-trade theories of the Laborites, announced last February the creation of the United Empire Party. He had no great difficulty in gathering two hundred thousand members as well as the money that he needed. However, when many of these crusaders took time to reflect they retracted the signatures which they had been surprised into giving.

The idea of extending the ancient protectionist conceptions of the Tories beyond the nation to include the whole Empire at first seemed seductive. Obviously the Empire possesses all the products that it needs. Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere therefore conceived the idea of forming all the peoples of the British Empire into a great customs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

union which would devote itself to repulsing foreign competition and which would buy only the products of the commonwealth that would thus be attained. The Dominions would easily absorb the industrial products of the metropolis and, indeed, would have every interest to seek them in exchange for raw materials.

All well and good. But the economists raised objections. The Dominions would find it quite natural to put prohibitive taxes on butter from Normandy, lard and eggs from Denmark, and meat from the Argentine, but they have no desire to wipe out for the profit of England the tariffs that protect their own infant industries. Moreover, the continent of Europe buys from Great Britain 30.37 per cent of the latter's exports; other foreign countries buy 28.7 per cent and the Empire only 40.93 per cent. Europe thus absorbs almost as many British products as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the South African Union, and India put together. And India, which has just raised its tariff on foreign cotton from 11 to 15 per cent, does not seem inclined to make any exception of Lancashire products. The most obvious and immediate result of the policy contemplated by the two noble lords would therefore be to raise the already high cost of living in the British Isles, to provoke reprisals, and, above all, to weaken, by making a schism, the Conservative Party, which is sorely harassed by the Laborites and Liberals. Lord Rothermere has had his newspapers proclaim that everything would go better if Lord Beaverbrook could be installed in Downing Street as Prime Minister. In making this statement he has merely done what many people expected and has announced the chief, if not the only, reason for Lord Beaverbrook's having tried to create a breach in his own party, to wit, his hatred of Baldwin and his spite at not having been offered a seat in the last Conservative cabinet.

Last year Lord Beaverbrook expressed to an American interviewer his desire to let everything in England slide and pack up his bags and return to America. Many people in England—and perhaps, so they say in London, Lord Rothermere is one of them—would like to have the newspaper king of Shoe Lane put this desire into execution as soon as possible. Peace in Europe and throughout the world would unquestionably gain.

Sir John Simon

By Harold Laski

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THAT SIR JOHN SIMON is, on the whole, the ablest lawyer of his time, no one in the profession would deny. There are more learned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lawyers, and there are lawyers who will leave a greater name. But for the power to seize ultimate legal principle, and to follow it out to its logical conclusion, he is certainly without a rival in the present generation.

That power of analysis is his great quality. But it is accompanied by weaknesses which make Sir John a much smaller man than his abilities would in themselves warrant. Where warmth of feeling is called for, or imaginative insight, Sir John almost always fails. He sees social problems as logic. He has never learned the truth of Mr. Chesterton's famous remark that only logic drives men mad. Whatever he does, he does with the relentless precision of an intellectual machine. He is always accurate and exact and incisive. But he leaves you with the impression that, whatever he does, all is calculated and deliberate from premises to conclusion. Even if he pats you on the back, you feel that, somewhere, you could see the machinery coming into operation.

He has had, of course, a distinguished career in politics, and a great career at the bar. In the House of Commons and in the courts, he has always been respected, even a little feared. He is a formidable opponent, always suave, always incisive, able almost instinctively to put his hand on the weak point in your case. Yet far smaller men than he have gone further and exerted greater influence because it has been seen that behind their more blundering statement was an insight far deeper, if less articulate.

The well-known speech in which he attacked the constitutionality of the general strike was a very good instance of his quality. Granted its premises, it was difficult to answer. But the things of which he failed to take account were exactly the things which really counted in the general strike, without a grasp of which its nature could not possibly be understood. To grasp them, one needed a power to get inside the mind of the working class, to know intimately the things it had hoped and felt. No one can read Sir John's speech and suppose that he had ever deemed this necessary.

The Report on India is an even better example of his mind. As a piece of analysis, its finely meshed structure could hardly be bettered. Its argument is closely knit, its logical power superb. Everything is there save an understanding of the Indian mind. Nationalism gets a polite paragraph at the end, written—a typical lawyer's device—as a half-dubious peroration. Gandhi, who has set half of India aflame with new dreams, is dismissed as an administrative incident of which the significance is never seen.

You cannot deal with the hopes of a people as though they were studies in logic. Dreams, fears, ambitions, these are realities the statesman must grapple with if he is to make solutions possible. For Sir John

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simon, their magic is lost because they cannot be reduced to the type of logic which the law of evidence exacts. Yet dreams and fears and ambitions last on when the failure of the logician to attain intuitive understanding makes him miss the heart of the problem he has to solve.

Sir John Simon, in fact, illustrates admirably the value and the danger of the lawyer in politics. Tell him the nature of your problem and the road by which you have to travel to its solution, and he is an admirable guide along the road. But make him the man who chooses the end to be reached, and the methods be uses are bound to miss half the elements of the problem.

'Delay,' said Hazlitt, 'seems, in the lawyer's mind, to be of the very essence of justice.' One thinks of that aphorism when one watches Sir John Simon at work. No one ever exhibited so precisely all the complexities of the human situation, or insisted on the difficulty of making them emerge into great principle. No one ever balanced a straw so exquisitely, or made it weigh so heavily in the balance. Only once, to my knowledge, has Sir John fought stoutly in an unpopular cause. He was the outstanding opponent of conscription during the War, and he sacrificed himself to his conviction.

Sir John, in fact, gives one a sense of aloofness from the ordinary battle of life. Its problems, in his mind, seem to lose their shape and color, and to become merely intellectual exercises. He seems to have no room for the imagination and the emotions. That is why, I suspect, his talents, which have inevitably brought him into the first rank, have never made him the first man in that rank. He does not invite loyalty, because his aloofness repels the affection upon which loyalty depends. Things do not make him angry, or seem to him urgent. He is never swept off his feet. He is always making a balance sheet of great causes, and finds their fascination less in the judgment than in casting the account.

His political career has left no great impact upon the national life, outside the Simon Report; and it is too early, as yet, to say more than that it makes one realize how noble was the courage of the Lord Durham who took great risks after the Canadian rebellion one hundred years ago. He dreamed, one imagines, of being Prime Minister, but he lacked the temperament for that office. No man would ever follow Sir John Simon blindly. He could have been Lord Chancellor, and it is a great loss to the nation that he declined the supreme judicial office. As a judge, he would have equaled Mansfield, or Bowen, or Watson.

We have lost much by his decision to remain in politics—certainly the greatest potential judge of our time. It was an error of judgment, a proof of Sir John's inability to see inside himself. And the man who fails in self-knowledge cannot grasp the problems of a world-wide empire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The same scrupulous care that marks every page Proust wrote appears in these unpublished letters in which he explains how he launched his masterpiece, *À la Recherche du temps perdu.*

Three Letters

By MARCEL PROUST

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

THESE THREE LETTERS which we are making public through the kindness of M. René Blum trace briefly the genesis of the publication by Bernard Grasset in 1913 of the first volume of *À la Recherche du temps perdu*. The book containing all this correspondence will be accompanied by a preface and commentary written by M. Léon Pierre-Quint, who presents his material with this explanation: 'The correspondence that we are publishing runs from 1913 to 1921. It includes all the letters Marcel Proust wrote to René Blum as well as several letters to Bernard Grasset and Louis Brun. Marcel Proust is making an attempt to place *Du Côté de chez Swann* with a publisher. He is trying to launch his work. He is stirring up articles, discussing matters with critics, and making publicity for himself. Finally, he deserts Grasset and goes over to the N. R. F., where he knows that his book will more easily find its natural public. He is now celebrated and refuses to follow the practice he pursued in previous years of dispersing his work widely in the hope that it would enjoy a more permanent fame. Throughout all this correspondence it is the "man of letters" that appears.'

Here are the first of these letters, all written to René Blum.

I

February, 1913

DEAR FRIEND,—

I telephoned you last night at the *Gil Blas*, but since it is rather rare that I am in a condition to telephone and excessively rare that I can go out or receive people I believe it preferable to tell you by letter the great service that I should like to ask of you. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerns M. Grasset, the publisher, who is, I believe, a friend of yours. I should like to have M. Grasset publish at my expense, with me paying for the printing and publicity, an important work—let us say a novel, for it is a kind of novel—that I have finished. This novel will make two volumes of about 650 pages each, but out of concession to custom I am giving different titles to the two volumes and I shall have them appear with an interval of ten months between. However, I shall perhaps also put a general title on the cover, just as France used *Histoire Contemporaine* for *L'Orme du Mail.*

If for any reason it inconveniences you to talk to M. Grasset, tell me frankly and have no scruples, for I know many people who are, I believe, intimate with him. But if you do this I should like to tell you first that if, for the sake of frankness, I demand it of you without oratorical accompaniment, I none the less feel that you are rendering me a great service. You will understand this easily, for I have worked a long time on this book and have put the best of my thought into it. This thought now demands a tomb for itself that will be finished before my own is filled and in aiding me to accomplish this wish you are doing for me something precious, all the more so since my health makes it hard for me to attend to such matters myself.

Secondly, if you can do me this service, do it for me as I ask, that is, do not say, as I know everyone would say to me, 'But, my dear friend, Grasset will be delighted to publish your book at his own expense and will make you excellent terms. You have too much talent to pay for publication like an amateur. Besides, it is detestable, that is obvious. It will make you ridiculous and a publisher pays no attention to a book published under such conditions.' All that, except for the talent, which I know nothing about, is indeed true. But, my dear friend, I am very sick. I need certainty and repose. If M. Grasset publishes the book at his own expense he is going to read it, make me wait, propose changes, suggest issuing it in little volumes, and so forth. And he will be right from the point of view of success. But I am more concerned with the clear presentation of my work. I want you to be able to tell me in a week's time: 'It is a closed deal. Your book will appear on such and such a date'; and that will only be possible if I pay for publication myself. In order to make it worth while for M. Grasset to push the book, I should be grateful if he would accept from me so much for every hundred copies sold. In this way he will not spend a sou and may even make something, but very little, for I hardly hope that the book will sell, at least until the public gradually gets used to it. But I do believe that it is very superior to anything I have ever done before and that it will some day do him honor.

IN ORDER to mention all the difficulties in advance, I add, first of all, that there are in the first part, which I shall deliver to M. Grasset in manuscript within twenty-four hours if he accepts it, some very indecent pages, and that in the second part, which will appear ten months later, there are other pages more indecent still. But the character of the work is so serious and its purpose so literary that this can hardly be an obstacle. And, finally, I should like, although

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is a matter of quite secondary importance, to have the fact that I have asked to pay the publication expenses kept a secret between you, M. Grasset, and myself for a certain time. This is not through *amour propre*, for I shall proclaim the facts very frankly when the moment arrives. But at the present time I fear certain complications. I have, for instance, told certain persons (and letters that I shall show you will prove that what I say is true) that a very celebrated publisher has asked to publish this book, offering me excellent terms. Everyone will believe that I have lied if I am seen asking, like a favor, for publication at the author's expense. Or, again, people may find me comical and my resemblance to a Tristan Bernard character, as revealed in this letter, will be increased. I can see from here Antoine Bibesco telephoning to M. Grasset that I have great talent and that it is up to him to pay me and so forth. I believe it is better to avoid adventitious complications that may arise concerning a publishing project that is very important to me, and very annoying to a publisher faced with so long a work. Remember that I am so little used to this kind of thing (I have never published anything except *Les Plaisirs et les jours* that Calmann brought out at his expense and my *Ruskin* for the *Mercure* upon equally advantageous terms) that I do not know but what in spite of everything this offer of mine is really demanding a service of M. Grasset. If you believe that this is so and that in order to obtain it it would be a good thing to secure the recommendation of some man 'of age' I am convinced that Barrès or Hervieu or Régnier or Calmette would provide one very gladly.

All that I fear is that they would not want to have it done at the author's expense, and in that case delays, indecision, uncertainties, and perhaps refusals would follow. Then new fatigues, another publisher, and so forth, in short, everything that I want to avoid at all costs. Say to M. Grasset everything that you think will succeed in making him give a firm and irrevocable affirmative answer. Do not say that I have talent, first because it is perhaps not true, and secondly because one must not discourage people too much at the beginning. But I am told that he is so intelligent that even that consideration would perhaps not discourage him. For several years I have heard marvelous accounts of him. I even regret that I shall have few dealings with him. But since my presence is not indispensable Reynaldo will see him in my stead, for I can move only with difficulty. And do not say anything to him about the reason for the seriousness of my condition. For if one then goes on living a little while one is not pardoned. I remember people who have 'languished' for years; people seemed to believe that they had played their parts. Gautier once put off going to Spain so long that people kept saying to him, 'You have come back.' In the same way, no one will be able to believe that I am not dead; they will say that I am reincarnated.

Finally, my dear friend, and last of all,—for it fatigues me so much to begin a fresh letter that I want to tell you everything in this one, and I have already omitted three-fourths of what I should like to say,—would you remember not to telephone me about these matters or, at least, if you do telephone, to speak only to me and if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my valet answers not to explain to him, and to seal your letters with wax. I should like to have M. Grasset say when the book will appear so that I can perhaps release some extracts from it. I should like 'May' but I do not know whether I shall be able to correct so many proofs so quickly. I should at least like to have them begin on it at once. And in this connection do not believe that my book is a collection of articles. My last two articles for the *Figaro* were extracts from it but that has no bearing on the case. My other articles for the *Figaro* I shall make into a collection if I can find them, but later, and for some other publisher. As for this book, it is a synthesized whole, but such a complex composition that I am afraid that no one will perceive this fact and that it will look like a series of digressions. It is quite the opposite.

See if you can render me this service. It is immense, but only if it is complete, final, and certain.

Your most devoted friend,

MARCEL PROUST

II

102 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN

[*February* 24, 1913]

DEAR FRIEND,—

I thank you with all my heart. It is a great service that you are doing me, and, as for you, you must find one that I can render you so that my pleasure may be complete. As to what concerns M. Grasset, I do not disdain the 'precautions' of which you speak although I know nothing about the formalities (you will tell me about them). But I am chiefly eager that they include a formal promise of publication without obliging me to abridge anything—the most rapid publication possible for the first volume and a delay of about ten months between the first volume and the second.

You would be very kind if in writing to me you would put a seal on your envelope. As for telephoning me, that seems to me difficult, but would be very easy if you let me take the initiative. When I am not too sick, which is about once a week, I get up for an hour or two. On that day, which unfortunately I do not know in advance, but which is imminent, for I have been in bed a long time now, it is very easy for me to telephone, or, if you wish, to go to see you at the *Gil Blas*. On other days, alas, the same crises that keep me in bed and prevent me from receiving people make it difficult for me to telephone, and I should not like you to speak of this matter to anyone else over the telephone.

I have allowed myself to mention asking this service of you to M. Louis de Robert, who has an interest in what I write that touches me profoundly. He has answered me, but his letter, which is very nice both to you and to me, contains such an excessive appreciation of my writings that I cannot through prudence send it to you. I also told Reynaldo, who arrived last night from Germany, of the service I asked of you.

I have not spoken of it to any one else.

You can say to M. Grasset, for I believe that he appreciates this kind of thing, that since I have published nothing in a long time I believe that those who like my writings will be able to help this book, through their sympathy with my ideas. If it would please M. Grasset I could put the book up for the Prix Goncourt or something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like that. I say this rather at hazard, for I do not know very well what the Goncourt prize is. In any case, a prize like the *Vie Heureuse* would be impossible because of the extreme license and indecency of certain pages. Thank you again, dear friend.

Your very grateful
MARCEL PROUST

I do not know whether I have told you that this book is a novel. At least, it is less unlike a novel than anything else. There is a gentleman who tells the story and who says 'I.' There are many characters and there are 'prepared characters' in this first volume, that is to say, characters that will do in the second volume exactly the opposite of what one would expect from their actions in the first. From the point of view of a publisher this first book is much less narrative than the second and from the point of view of composition it is so complex that it takes a long time for all the 'themes' to begin combining. You see that all that has nothing very engaging about it. But under the conditions that we have mentioned it seems to me that in any event M. Grasset can lose nothing and from a literary point of view I believe that this will not make him '*déclassé*.'

III

DEAR FRIEND,—

Very briefly because I am quite sick.

First of all, having been more ill, I have not been able to 'boil down' a part of my novel into a story for you. And it now seems to me very late. If I cannot do it I shall send you, for what it is worth, a little extract the moment the book appears. I shall give the same sort of thing to other newspapers, and you needn't print yours unless you wish to. On the other hand, Grasset wishes that the *Gil Blas* should now commit what he calls a 'literary indiscretion' concerning me. It appears that this is a special practice, even a regular department, of the *Gil Blas*, if I understand him correctly. And there must be no delay. Announce the book, in other words, by a line about the author. It irks me greatly to ask this of you, and, if it is distasteful to you, don't do it. My dear friend, I have spent my life trying to keep people from talking about me. Perhaps you don't believe it but just ask Henry Bordeaux, Flament, Chaumeix, and many others, Calmette above all, and here I am out of deference to my publisher demanding a 'literary indiscretion.' Of course, it is true that I attach infinitely more importance to this book, in which I have put the best of my thought and even of my life, than I do to everything I have done up to now, which amounts to nothing.

If you want to get a little idea of what this book is, Cocteau, Louis de Robert, and Lucien Daudet have read it and can tell you. But in any case do not ask them to draw up the announcement. What I should dislike especially, provided you say the book is dedicated to Calmette, is that people should get the idea that it is a collection of articles. Perhaps I shall collect the articles I did for the *Figaro* later, but that has nothing to do with the present case. I have taken a general title, *À la Recherche du temps perdu*. The first volume, though it would be better not to say the first volume, for I believe that it is a little whole in itself, like *L'Orme du Mail* in the *Histoire Contemporaine* or *Les Déracinés* in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Roman de l'Energie Nationale*, is called *Du Côté de chez Swann*. The second and third are announced on the cover as being entitled *Le Côté de Guermantes* and *Le Temps Retrouvé*, but perhaps the second will be called *À l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs* or perhaps *Les Intermittences du cœur* or perhaps *Adoration perpétuelle* or perhaps *Les Colombes poignardées*, but there is no need for me to say all this.

THE book is realistic in the extreme, but includes elements of reminiscence designed to imitate the involuntary process of memory, which, to my mind, although Bergson does not make this distinction, is the one true form of memory. Voluntary memory, the memory of the intellect, only gives inexact facsimiles of the past which do not resemble the past any more than bad paintings resemble springtime, and so forth. We do not believe life is beautiful because we fail to remember it but we smell some bygone odor and suddenly become intoxicated. We even believe sometimes that we no longer love the dead, but that is because we do not remember them, whereas if we suddenly see an old glove we burst into tears.

Thus a part of the book is part of my life that I had forgotten and suddenly remembered again while eating a little piece of cake that had been dipped in tea, the taste of which delighted me before I recognized it and identified it as the same thing I had eaten morning after morning in the past.

Immediately my whole life of that past time revived and, as I say in my book, just as in the Japanese game little pieces of paper placed in a bowl of water unfold and become people, flowers, and so forth, so all the people and gardens of this epoch in my life arose from my cup of tea.

Another part of the book recaptures the sensations of awakening when one does not know where one is but believes that one is in some foreign country two years before. But all this is only the backbone of the book. What it supports is real, passionate, very different from what you know of me and, I believe, infinitely less bad, not deserving the epithets 'delicate' or 'tenuous,' but 'living' and 'true' (which, I swear to you, does not mean truth!).

My dear friend, if you see the possibility of doing so, announce this book, but it is very urgent and must be done within two or three days or even sooner. Naturally, I never knew that I should have to ask this of you when I was at the *Gil Blas* the other evening. It was not until the next day that I saw Grasset. Don't think this is any duplicity on my part and that I wanted to 'preface' this request. Naturally this letter does not need to be signed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leopold Weiss ranks with Doughty and T. E. Lawrence as one of the great interpreters of Arabia. Here he takes us to the heart of the country and of the people who wander all over it.

The Heart of ARABIA

By LEOPOLD WEISS

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-Language Daily

TWO VIEWS OF RIAD give the visitor a firm impression of that city. The first unfolds itself as one approaches in the morning along the ridge of hills that lies between the plain which Riad occupies and the old capital of Dariyah. A yellowish-brown landscape extends from horizon to horizon—hard, stony soil where no plants grow, shimmering with the dull brightness of delicate buckskin in the monotonous rays of the sun. Before the straggling low hills that mark the horizon to the east and northeast lies the broad oasis in which the town is built, a closely packed stretch of dark palm gardens through which protrude corners of earth-colored houses and the lofty towers and battlements of the royal castle.

Above the topmost level of roofs a slender, pointed tower is visible from afar. At its apex a powerful lantern hangs by night when the King is in the city to inform the visitor of the royal presence. This fortified, bastioned palace is the real heart of Arabia. The pulse that beats here determines the fate of a great part of the whole Arabian peninsula. Here wars are decided upon and from this place expeditions of conquest set forth. This is the focal point of the vast, obscure pagan strength of Central Arabia, which feeds on a strong, burning, creative belief and on a limitless pride in national independence.

The other view lies to the northeast. One leaves the town through one of the high gateways that occur here and there in the earthen outer wall, and an open plain extends far into the distance, dotted with multitudinous Bedouin tents, black 'houses of hair' skillfully woven, and among these dark shelters also stand huge white tents

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provided by the King for the convenience of his guests. From the unending plains and deserts of his domain these guests come by the thousand 'to greet the King' and to receive presents from him. Every man, even the humblest, who comes to the King, whether by royal request or not, is received as a guest, cared for, and presented as he leaves with some gift, either great or small, perhaps an article of clothing, a weapon of some kind, or often, if the visitor is a chieftain, a camel or a horse. Nearly a thousand visitors a day are entertained in and about Riad and each day some arrive and some leave to spread praise of the King's generosity to all parts of Arabia. The qualities by which an Arab recognizes a given man as his hero and ruler are the same to-day as they were a thousand years ago—purity of descent, personal integrity, wisdom, and, above all, the ability to give and share possessions with an open hand.

From the hills beyond these Bedouin tents one gets a good bird's-eye view of the city, for there are no plantations of palm trees on this eastern side. In front of us, about a gunshot away, run the walls of the city, made of earth like all structures in Nejd, but sufficiently high and strong to serve as protection against any unforeseen attack. From our point of vantage we can also see the tangled mass of houses behind these walls, earth-gray structures with flat roofs, all of them surrounded by walls about the height of a man. Here the inhabitants sleep during the hot summer nights, here the women wash their clothes, and now and then one sees a head covered with a dark veil. Among these houses more towers rise, not only the towers of the royal castle that dominate the middle of the city but the powerful round bastions of the fort in the northeast corner of the city, to which an eventful history is attached. Here it was that the young Ibn Saud defeated Emir Adshlan nearly thirty years ago when he secretly penetrated the city with a handful of his comrades to overthrow the forces of Ibn Rashid, the usurper from Hail. Then there are the towers of the outer walls, more than twenty in number, and the modest minaret of the Great Mosque. Since we are now standing in the northeast, the strip of palm trees lies completely in the background, a luxuriant, shimmering mass of green tree tops.

THE market place in Riad is smaller than the one in Bereida, even smaller than the one in Hail, although Riad is a much more important city than either of the other two. But Riad is only a capital, not a business centre. Its whole and unique function is to serve as the central point of a great kingdom, as the King's residence and the political nerve centre. Three men out of every four among its twenty thousand inhabitants serve the King, some as a loosely organized bodyguard with various duties outside the city such as collecting taxes from villages and from the Bedouins, others as a standing army in case of war and as the kernel of the national army of Nejd. All these people and their families are supported at royal expense and receive regular though small sums of money, quite sufficient to satisfy their modest requirements. Under these circumstances no special occasion for outside activity arises. The life of the inhabitants of Riad is systematically

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dedicated to doing nothing. The few merchants who keep shops here come as a rule from El Hasa and Kasim, the most populous districts in Nejd.

The market is also the royal square. It forms a long rectangle extending the full length of the front of the royal castle, opposite which runs a row of low shops, each consisting of a narrow room with a single door and no window, so that the doors always stand open. Between these shops and the front of the castle run two parallel lanes of shops. At the eastern end of this square is the camel market and, at the west, another double row of shops, most of them occupied by sandal-makers. In one of the empty expanses of the square a whole group of itinerant merchants have set themselves up, men who cannot afford the luxury of a store but must content themselves with a piece of cloth stretched out on the ground with various trinkets lying on it for sale. Close to the walls of the castle is the women's market, the back of which includes a row of butcher shops which shut it off from the confusion of the rest of the market. Here women squat on mats of woven palm leaves surrounded by baskets of eggs and vegetables, clad all in black with black veils over their faces.

A tremendous tumult arises from the market place, which is hardly surprising since everyone spends a good portion of his free time in the vicinity of the palace. When one lives in Riad one rarely comes to the market to make purchases; one only comes here to visit one's acquaintances, to talk a bit, to sit about a bit, and to spend a little time looking at the strangers who come swarming to Riad in such great numbers. Yet in spite of all this idleness one seldom hears people gossiping, for such a practice is foreign to the social customs of Arabia and perhaps to all Oriental society. People always discuss some definite subject that possesses realistic interest, no matter of how fleeting a kind. Meaningless, unnecessary words, banalities that reveal an empty soul, I have never heard spoken by an Arabian, for their souls are free of all confusion and uncertainty.

Strangers come to this bazaar from all parts of Arabia. One sees big, proud Arabs from the Syrian north and here and there a merchant from Irak or Bahrein whom one can recognize by the heavy brown cord he ties about his headdress. There are also people from Eastern Arabia as well as visitors from Kasim or Shammar, nearly all of them 'guests of the King.' But Bedouins predominate, taking advantage of their presence in Riad to make all kinds of purchases. These Bedouins, who dwell all about the city, come here to sell camels, butter, or firewood and to purchase wearing apparel, cloth, food, and weapons. Nearly all the Bedouins of Nejd wear the white turbans of the Echuan, regardless of whether they really lead the settled lives that this headdress symbolizes. In any event, both the Bedouins and the residents of the city continually rush hither and thither through the little market place from the camel market on the east to the colonnade at the western end of the square which connects the palace with the Great Mosque. Between these two poles stand the most important shops, which offer for sale woolen mantles, bright cloaks, coffee pots from Messina, blue and red camel packs, saddle covers, carpets, cotton goods, boxes of coffee and sugar, inlaid daggers, colored

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head-coverings, and every kind of embellishment for the people of Nejd.

In spite of all the noise, the shouting of the auctioneers and the bells of the camels, a profound inner peace prevails in the market place. Many merchants sit silent in front of their shops, not shouting to the passers-by and crying their wares as is the custom in other Oriental bazaars. Each man knows what he wants. Each man has an invisible circle of desires and cravings, firmly contained within a limited space. Furthermore, each man has his own impulses under control and keeps weighing himself, for the Arab does not allow his life to depend on circumstances. He always carries his life within him and with him; in other words, he remains true to himself and does not change with circumstances. It is this that makes all life in Arabia so easy and natural, so that even when disasters occur, and they are naturally inevitable, everything arranges itself within the confines of each individual's self-knowledge. Just as the market place of a Nejd city is more simple than any other market place in the Orient, so are the people who swarm here simpler. They have only three or four fundamental needs in life, but these they pursue with all the strength and all the eagerness of their unspoiled natures, in which animal vitality is served by keen, industrious intellects. They have no knowledge of our Western capacity for complicating our fundamental needs and splitting them up into a thousand different forms until finally we do not know what we want.

IF RIAD can be called the heart of Arabia, Abdul Aziz ibn Saud is its central motor. I have known him now for years, yet to me as to everyone who knows him part of his nature remains inexplicable. It is nothing that he intentionally keeps secret. He speaks freely and often about himself, relates his experiences and impressions of present and past times. But his inner nature contains too many facets to be fully expressed in words and ideas. Even in Arabia, a strongly individualistic country that has never lacked its heroic figures, he is an exceptional character, a gifted, immensely energetic man, in spite of all his faults, most of which arise from his primitive background.

Here I might relate an episode that occurred in Mecca during the first days of our acquaintanceship because it seems to show Ibn Saud in a significant light. It was my second meeting with him and I felt even then a slight sense of oppression when he looked at me, a vague feeling of embarrassment before this man whose eyes seemed to bore through my outer shell and read my unspoken thoughts. It was not that his gaze was so piercing or fascinating; it merely shot brief, friendly glances at me while he chatted with me and a few other people. His eyes, behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, appeared to be concerned with something quite different from what we were talking about and looked as if they were seeking some object far away; it was almost as if they served, in addition to their optical function, some incorporeal sense. On that day I had the intention of asking his permission to travel across Nejd, a permission that is usually flatly refused. I had not mentioned the matter to anyone and I was about to bring it up with Ibn Saud when suddenly he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looked at me a moment, smiled, and said, 'Will you not come to us in Nejd? I have no objections and will send you there.' I was astonished and the astonishment of the others present was scarcely less than my own. These men worked hand in glove with the king and his spontaneous invitation to a complete stranger seemed to them utterly incomprehensible. Men who have long been close to Ibn Saud told me later of similar experiences. It is said that he can read a man's thoughts before they are uttered, that he knows instantly what each individual who visits him wants. This capacity has served him in good stead in his political career and has protected him from many attacks on his life that had been prepared with the greatest precaution.

The philosopher Max Weber has christened that specific quality that makes one man a leader of others 'charisma.' If one attempted to analyze Ibn Saud's 'charisma' one would have to dwell first of all on his extraordinarily sound instinct, or rather his capacity to follow his own instinct without reference to the opinions and advice of others. 'I have my own eyes and see; I have my own ears and hear. That is enough for me.' When Ibn Saud says words like these a gentle smile plays about his mouth and it is this smile that raises the beauty of his face to a spiritual order and makes it seem to shine from within, glowing with knowledge and kindness. When one sees his mouth one knows that he has a soul attuned to music, rich in tones and inner shadings. Were music not forbidden by the strict religious code which Ibn Saud follows he would have expressed himself in these terms, but as things are he is somewhat constricted and shows his musical bent only in his little poems, his songs and descriptions of experiences, his tales of war and love which have spread through the whole of Nejd and are often sung by men leading their dromedaries across the desert or by women in the solitude of their chambers. But a much more significant aspect of Ibn Saud's spiritual bent for music reveals itself in the inner rhythm of his life, in the harmony of his desires and accomplishments, in the intensity and purpose of his character; and it reveals itself not least in the way his daily life follows a regular rhythm suited to the elastic, changing demands of his royal office. Like Julius Cæsar, he possesses to a high degree the capacity for mastering several intellectual activities without diminishing the intensity with which he attacks each individual problem. Only this ability of 'divergent concentration,' if I may use the expression, permits him to follow all the activities of his kingdom personally without falling into a chaos or breaking down from overwork.

But perhaps it is not correct to speak as if any work were a burden to him since work is no burden to any creative artist, but seems to be merely a release of an individual's inner strength. If this were not true of him it would be hard to understand how he has the time and inclination to cultivate intensively the society of women, for he is a master not only of war and politics but also, they say, of love. He has already married more than one hundred and fifty wives, but naturally never more than four at once in order not to break the Islamic law. To the Occidental this might seem shocking, but any one who knows the Orient from the inside realizes how difficult it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is here for a man to find a female companion who is his equal. One must continually change and experiment in order to discover the right person. I shall leave it to my lady readers to decide whether they think this right or not, but it can be said in reply to any attack on the numerous marriages of Ibn Saud that marriages represent to any Arabian ruler a political instrument not to be underestimated, for they provide the opportunity to make many influential connections. Since the Arabs do not have any moral prejudices against a woman who has been separated from her husband,—and here the incomparable Arab sense of reality recognizes only that the husband and wife do not get on together,—no break occurs in the connection established between the man and the family of his wife. At least two-thirds of all Ibn Saud's marriages can be attributed to political motives. They might be called dynastic marriages, but thanks to the great-hearted Arabian point of view they are not like life sentences imposed on both parties.

THE personal authority of the King of Nejd is tremendous but it reposes not only on his actual possession of power but also in large measure on his subjective strength of character. He is utterly simple in speech and bearing. The innate sense that every true Arab has of the personal equality of all free men makes it possible for the King to let his Bedouins come before him in their dirty, torn garments and speak to him as a comrade, calling him by his first name, Abdul Aziz, for titles do not exist in Nejd.

But he also knows how to assume dignity when dignity is the order of the day. No son could have treated his father with more honor than he treated his father, who is now dead. Even when he was King, Ibn Saud never sat down in his father's presence until he was invited to do so. It is said of him that he never entered one of the upper rooms of the castle if he knew that his father was in a room below, for there is a saying that the feet of the son shall not walk over the head of the father; and he never undertook anything important without consulting his father first, though it was only a matter of form, for he had conquered a kingdom with his own strength and with nothing but his own burning will to support him in this mighty task.

He can also be a strong man, giving himself over to powerful bursts of rage, and then he roars like a wounded tiger. At such times an anxious silence falls over the whole palace and everyone stands motionless—princes, servants, and slaves—all transfixed by the terrifying roll of his voice as it bursts forth passionately. At such moments the volcanic heart of the King is laid bare, flashing like lightning, uneasy as the surface of the sea, a heart yearning like an abyss and impelled by nature to fulfill its yearnings. Where is he heading? Is it only a will to power that governs him? For if it is only a will to power he could not be the King he is, so simple and so modest in his personal life. Often something comes over him like a gust of wind, and he speaks: 'I am no king, I am only a missionary of the faith in whose hand God has put His sword. Show me the man who can do better than I and I will follow him. I swear it by the living God. I will follow him with all my strength and serve him wherever he may go.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maurice Maeterlinck has just finished a monumental work on the life of the ant. Léon Daudet, royalist and literary critic, tells what it is all about.

Maeterlinck's Book on Ants

By Léon Daudet

Translated from *Candide*
Paris Literary and Dramatic Weekly

Maurice Maeterlinck's new work of biological philosophy, *La Vie des fourmis*, completes the trilogy whose first two sections were *La Vie des abeilles* and *La Vie des termites*. The great Belgian writer, who is both a scholar and a poet, has devoted long years to searching for the fleeting secret of life in man, nature, the vegetable kingdom, the insect world, and messages from the beyond. His universal curiosity, based on a no less universal sympathy, makes him partake of the tradition followed by Erasmus, Montaigne, Goethe, and Michelet. His is one of the most vast and clear-sighted minds of all time and his immense classic culture and mastery of French, English, and German have never stifled his personality. He has an ever vigilant faculty of investigation which he keeps indulging by reading and original criticism. And, finally, he possesses independence, that superb open-mindedness which is as necessary to life as breathing. He has never accepted, in any theme that he has treated, a single *cliché* or ready-made idea, which explains the authority that he enjoys among the elect members of the civilized world, an authority that he has maintained for twenty-five years.

This complete, tranquil, unassuming independence is characteristic of the Belgian nation and in my eyes is its greatest charm. Whether the individual Belgian is Flemish or Walloon, he looks for himself, reads for himself, listens for himself, jokes in his own way, and lets no one impose on him. That admirable poet, Verhaeren, contemplated the lovely banks of the Escaut, Flemish villages on autumn evenings, dim lights in houses, and smoke spiraling to the sky, but he never interposed a reminiscence of his own. Maeterlinck treats sentiments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ideas in the same fashion. Moreover, he does not confine himself any more than Verhaeren did to studying and depicting one milieu or one category of human beings. He moves with sovereign ease from stars to ants, from the presentiments of death to its images. He puts on a vast county fair of imaginative intelligence that is at once reconstructive and synthetic, and every page he writes is brilliant and passionate.

FROM these preliminary paragraphs you have already divined that the development of Maeterlinck's personality is what has always interested me most in each new work that I have read by this singular genius, whose roots go, like the roots of all great men, deep down into his native soil. He began by depicting the quasi mystical states of human consciousness and the agonies of sorrow and love in the anxious, ecstatic young man, only to end in synoptic studies of social insects, from whose singular habits and strange peculiarities he distilled a general sense of direction. His universal curiosity, fringed about with darkness, has led him to study the human soul, and from that point he went on to investigate the extranatural or supernatural manifestations that keep raining about us. Then, leaving man behind, since man either failed to satisfy his fever of comprehension or else deceived that fever, he turned to nature, or 'the other book,' as my father called it, a book more undecipherable than the 'book of myself.' He has followed a highly original trajectory, starting out with poetry and ending in interpretative science. But he will certainly not remain there, for it is inevitable that the sum total of effusions, studies, and ruminations that go to make up his meditative and rather pastoral life will bring forth, at some given moment, a new Faust who will embrace and sum up all of his prodigious investigations.

Schopenhauer said that life oscillated like a pendulum between boredom and suffering, but this bitter vision is all too simple. Maeterlinck's life has always oscillated between beauty and comprehension, though it is true that his aptitude for grasping the beautiful in all its forms is itself a form of comprehension, perhaps the least deceptive of all the forms of comprehension that we know.

I shall not outline here the study Maeterlinck has made of ants, which surpasses in interest his previous studies of bees and termites. The extraordinary altruism that these insects show to all comers, companions and adversaries alike, their collective organization, their numerous but rather harmless battles, their alliances and the innumerable parasites they support so well, their known and unknown means of communication, their migrations and their conceptions of slavery and procreation, the care they give their eggs, their powers of resistance and their hereditary powers, all these elements are brought together and depicted by Maeterlinck with his incomparable mastery, in that same simple, supple, sensuous language that has been his ever since he wrote *Serres chaudes*. Few native Frenchmen have used their language with such precision and natural elegance as he. His phrases are as serene as his thoughts. Never having searched for singular turns of expression, he can always be recognized within five lines and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seems as if his radiant personality impregnates his golden, commonplace words. He bends every energy to resist using hypotheses; his whole effort is to make himself understood. What he has read, observed, and meditated continually advances him closer to the mysterious, to the infinite, to the isles of gold. Like Goethe and Mistral, who were also pastoral figures, he prefers the universal to the particular, the spiritual to the material.

Here is an example of his writing which made a particular impression on me because I once tried to draw a similar analogy in relation to cancer. He is trying to discover what is the point of departure and the means of transmission for the sole commandment, the commandment of order, that prevails in the ant-hill.

'We find here again the great problem of the beehive and the termite community. Who reigns and who governs in this city? Where is the idea or spirit hidden? Whence do these orders which are never questioned emanate? The concerted agreement is as unquestionable and admirable as in the other groups and must be more difficult, for the life of ants is in general much more complicated, more unforeseen, and more adventurous. Until some better explanation can be found, the most likely one is perhaps the explanation I suggested in *La Vie des termites*, which is that the ant-hill should be considered as a single individual whose cells, unlike the cells of our bodies, which number some sixty trillion, are not agglomerated but are dissociated, disseminated, exteriorized, yet at the same time remain subject to some central law, in spite of their seeming independence.'

There is an evident analogy between the singular coöperation of our various organs—the liver, the lungs, the spleen, and so forth—and the coöperation to be found among social insects like bees, termites, and ants. The former is a conglomeration of chemical, physical, organic units, nourishing themselves in a certain way, accomplishing certain tasks, defending themselves by certain means, eliminating waste and reproducing themselves by other means, and secreting certain substances, which recall the conglomerates, tribes, and groups of the social insects. The cellular conglomerate of cancer, for instance, is essentially warlike and devouring, and its migrations and metastases bear strange resemblances to what happens in hives and ant-hills. Such comparisons, however, should not, scientifically speaking, be pushed too far.

THIS great book of Maeterlinck's on the habits and organization of ants, even more than his two preceding books about bees and termites, leads us to revise our classical views on the difference between intelligence and instinct. Numerous philosophers and biologists have admitted the existence of the famous gulf between the deliberations and determinations of the human intelligence and the hereditary impulses of instinct. Numerous experiments have been based on the repetition of certain movements and the division of labor among social insects. To-day, however, all this seems rather dubious and we may well ask if the famous gulf is not merely a question of point of view which assumes a fatalistic character when it is seen from higher up and further away and which, through lack of direct commu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nication, cannot be grasped or understood except in a partial fashion.

Another very clear impression is the small number of powers and functions that govern the phenomena of animal life throughout every different species. To sum matters up, ants, like ourselves, possess a nervous system, a digestive system, an ambulatory system, and a system of reproduction, and they do not deviate in any essential way from the general plan on which all vital activity functions. Pleasure, fear, sorrow, the fighting instinct, and the instinct to dominate or to submit may be situated differently in these creatures than in us but they have them none the less, just as we do. Perhaps the most striking thing in animate nature, whose fundamental secrets may be said to be hermetically sealed, is the few means that it has at its disposition. The game of life is limitless in time but not in its possible combinations. It was this thought that gave Friedrich Nietzsche his famous vision of eternal recurrence and led him to assert that a limited number of combinations occurring in a limitless space of time must repeat themselves indefinitely.

'Where do ants go when they die?' asks Maeterlinck at the close of his book, just as he did about bees. Clearly a mind of his stamp, although up to now it has no belief, cannot be satisfied by the reply of 'Nowhere,' especially since such a reply is inconceivable. 'Finally, where do they go, the ants? What becomes of them when they are dead? Why smile at these questions when they concern insects and take them seriously when they concern man? Is the difference between them and us sufficiently great? We encounter at each step the spectacle of their intelligence and we must turn our backs on our evidence not to recognize it. We are no longer in the presence of minerals, vegetables, or brutes that are mere victims of instinct; we are dealing with existences that are separated from our own by a mere transparent membrane, for it would take but little to make these creatures our equals in many respects, and our ignorance makes us poor judges. Does a little more or a little less cerebral activity change from top to bottom the laws of the universe, of beauty and eternity, and does this little difference grant immortality on the one hand and deny it on the other?

'What we find it most difficult to admit is that in neither space nor time does there accumulate a kind of reserve supply of all experiences, all efforts, all struggles against evil, misery, suffering, stupidity, and matter. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that some day everything will be lost, that everything will begin all over again as if nothing had been done, and that, though evil harms the whole world, good profits nobody.'

Expressing himself in these terms, Maeterlinck arrives at the same point as Montaigne, when he said, 'What do I know?' Everything that we see and discern, everything that we assert, possesses a sense of foresight or finality just as it possesses a sense of hindsight or causality. But our mind is so made that a succession of ends is much more difficult to imagine than a succession of causes. Even such a man as Maeterlinck, whose subtle art, keen science, and generous soul all work together, knows no more of the fundamental mysteries that he names and classifies than a little child just beginning to speak.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nietzsche's unrequited love for the wife of Richard Wagner is here revealed as the essence of his tragic genius.

Nietzsche in LOVE

By Dr. Erich F. Podach

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

THE INTELLECTUAL LINES of Nietzsche's dispute with Wagner are clear cut. Convinced himself that antiquity could be born again in the German spirit, Nietzsche perceived a similar tendency in Wagner's music, which, he felt, conjured into being the new-old world for which he yearned. But his deception revealed itself fully when Wagner entered his Bayreuth phase and the celestial companions became earthly foes.

According to Frau Förster-Nietzsche's biography of her brother, 'the island of the blessed,' Triebschen, was an abode of unalloyed friendship where the younger man remained true to his master, whom he looked upon as a hero, and where no trace of their later controversy intruded. But the second volume of Charles Andler's six-volume work on *Nietzsche, sa vie et sa pensée*, published in 1921, gave a good analysis of the Triebschen idyl and showed that the Nietzsche-Wagner dispute had already begun in the period between 1869 and 1872. In 1870 and 1871 the dramatic fragment, 'Empedokles,' appeared and according to this French student of Nietzsche it provides the key to Nietzsche's so-called 'illusionistic epoch,' to the period between Nietzsche's first visit to Triebschen and his last meeting with Wagner in Sorrento. Andler detects in 'Empedokles' not only a lyrical creation of incomparable grandeur but a work suffused with glowing thoughts that first took the form of words in *Zarathustra*. These thoughts arose from Nietzsche's doubts as to whether Wagner was strong and determined enough to fight shoulder to shoulder with him and they betray his conviction that the older man is no longer of service, at any rate, not as a leader. But Wagner's wife, whom Nietzsche always regarded as Wagner's equal and whom he later publicly proclaimed to be Wagner's superior, he wished to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

win for himself and through her to convert Wagner to serve him, the real hero, and his theories. It is in 'Empedokles' that the figure of Ariadne first appears.

This Mephistophelian plan was conceived during Nietzsche's stay at Triebschen—or the island of Naxos, as it appears in allegorical form. In spite of his realistic perception of the different artistic methods and different ultimate purposes that he and Wagner were serving at that time, he felt, none the less, a powerful admiration. But Cosima did not lend herself to the conversion of Wagner. She was only the master's secretary, even when she wrote letters whose quality quite stunned their recipient. 'You have in this book,' she wrote, referring to Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*, 'conjured up spirits that I had thought would serve only our master and none other. I have read this essay, which lays bare to us the deepest problems, as if it were a poem, and neither the master nor I can separate ourselves from it, for it gives me an answer to all the unconscious questions of my innermost soul. You may well imagine how your reference to *Tristan und Isolde* moved me. The sense of annihilation that the music conveys and the sense of redemption that lies in the drama as you described it I have experienced to the highest degree in this work alone and you have illuminated the mightiest impression of my life.'

Nietzsche passed happy hours in Triebschen, and though the Wagners may have sinned against him there, it was friendship that animated them. And it was Cosima's true devotion to him, which she identified with her devotion to Wagner, that caused her unconsciously to kindle a fire whose intensity she never suspected. It was not her fault that the situation in Triebschen inevitably deluded Nietzsche into beckoning her to him.

THE scientific, scholarly discoveries and the profound psychological comments of Andler compel any one who wishes to form a true picture of Nietzsche 'to recognize that one of the greatest romances of Platonic love of the nineteenth century has remained almost unknown until our own day.' The Nietzsche Archive at Weimar, supervised by Nietzsche's sister, has made every effort to conceal this tragic romance and to suppress any imaginings we might indulge in about the real 'Triebschen idyl.' Ever since this institution was founded Frau Förster-Nietzsche has endeavored to get herself enthroned beside her great brother. No testimony is admitted to show that there was any room in Nietzsche's life for any woman other than his mother and sister, and in spreading this idea the sister has not concealed the rather painful relations between Nietzsche and his mother, so that she makes the pretension of having been the most important feminine figure in Nietzsche's life.

Since all Nietzsche's writings and letters fell into his sister's hands it was an easy task for her to suppress anything that contradicted this thesis. Cosima Wagner thus had to become a dim figure in the background and for four decades scholars and the public were not informed that during the early part of January 1889, when Nietzsche was on the verge of madness, he planned to declare his love to Cosima. Indeed, we could not know this to-day if a few copies of the con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traband book by C. A. Bernoulli entitled *Overbeck–Nietzsche* had not been made public. Here it is revealed that when Peter Gast was preparing the first complete edition of *Zarathustra* in 1890 he wrote to Overbeck on May 29th of that year, saying, 'I hope another opportunity is arising to discuss the change of the "Song of Enchantment" into the "Song of Ariadne." An allusion to Ariadne already occurs in an earlier portion of *Zarathustra* which I do not happen to have before me. In any case the sense of the passage is as follows: Since Nietzsche was the hero, Theseus, he went forth from Ariadne, who was Wagner. Then he became the superhero, God or Dionysus, and he approached Ariadne again without hostility, without sympathy, but sighing in a voice of warning, "You will collapse with me. I am your labyrinth."

But this interpretation is only half true and on April 20th, 1891, Peter Gast wrote from Venice to Overbeck: 'In regard to poem four, page twenty-six, in *Zarathustra*, which I had printed in accordance with the better, hand-written version you sent me last summer, may I inform you, honored Herr Professor, that Frau Dr. Förster-Nietzsche told me she had met Frau Wagner in Berlin and had learned from her that in January 1889 Nietzsche had sent her a great piece of paper from Turin on which he had written, "Ariadne, I love you! Dionysus." Therefore the change of the "Song of Enchantment" into a "Plaint of Ariadne" is more easily comprehended. Cosima, not Wagner, is Ariadne. Wagner is Theseus; Nietzsche, Dionysus. Wagner formerly sang this heartrending, very modern, hysterical plaint, but it is better suited to a woman and there would be nothing strange about hearing it sung in a higher voice.'

EVER since 1891 Frau Förster-Nietzsche knew that Cosima was Ariadne but she kept this knowledge to herself. Then, too, there is that well-known passage in *Ecce Homo*, 'Who but me knows who Ariadne is? . . . To all such riddles no one up to now has had the solution . . . I doubt that anyone saw only riddles here.' So wrote Nietzsche by way of explanation and then he goes on to say, 'Who understands and has now solved the Ariadne riddle? Is it deadly, passionate earnest or is it foolery? I refrain from giving an answer, and from indicating a clear path to free investigation.' Frau Förster-Nietzsche has still further impeded free investigation by suppressing the above text. But even that was not enough. C. A. Bernoulli was in a position to reveal a significant passage from a letter of Nietzsche to Jakob Burckhardt. 'The rest is for Frau Cosima . . . Ariadne . . . from time to time becomes enchanted . . . With Ariadne beside me I am obliged to become the golden balance of all things.' This Basel student of Nietzsche then goes on to provide biographical and factual information of the great significance that Cosima played in Nietzsche's life.

But Frau Förster-Nietzsche, full of contempt for free investigation, wrote as follows: 'Herr C. A. Bernoulli, in order to make his otherwise very boring book, *Overbeck–Nietzsche*, interesting, has crammed it with discoveries. Herr Bernoulli has the sensational idea that my brother suffered from a life-long passion for Cosima Wagner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a shame that Rohde and Gersdorff are no longer alive, for we should have had a hearty laugh over this together. In and of themselves, these lively discoveries of Bernoulli might be left unrefuted, but admirers of Wagner find it painful that Nietzsche should have decided on artistic and philosophic grounds to turn his back on Wagner and his art and are endeavoring to turn these discoveries of Bernoulli to good account and thus to falsify the whole relationship between Wagner and Nietzsche. But, even apart from all this, Cosima herself did not correspond in any way to the ideal woman that might have cast a life-long spell over my brother. She was too tall and too thin. Her nose and mouth were both too long and she could not laugh, for it sounded too unpleasant, and for that reason she took good care only to smile. All these qualities are inconsistent with the type of woman my brother most admired, a type that he described as "a sweet little wife." Anyone who follows Herr Bernoulli's fallacies will wander into a morass of unfounded observations.'

For forty years Nietzsche's sister has called everything that did not serve her purpose 'a morass of unfounded observations.' Nor has she confined herself to suppressing letters and passages in his works; she almost claims to be better informed on every aspect of her brother's life than her brother himself, of whom she says, 'He had a poor memory for facts, which explains many of his errors. His mind was so constantly engrossed by vast problems that practical affairs made no impression on him.' In certain emergencies she pretended he suffered from a sickness induced by sleeping potions, in order to give free play to her own arbitrary ideas, and she is also given to presenting uncontrollable oral evidence, such as the following: 'The only luxury Nietzsche enjoyed, since he absolutely denied himself alcohol and tobacco, was a daily visit to Kintschy's sweet shop in the Klostergasse, where I believe he drank coffee or chocolate and ate a piece of cake or a tart. I never noticed any erotic inclinations in Nietzsche and certain definite observations of his revealed an insuperable disinclination against falling in love in any form.'

Of Nietzsche's deep, concealed passion for Cosima, that flowed like a subterranean stream under his whole life, his sister knew nothing. He also attempted to conceal from her his acquaintance with Lou Salomé. His sister was among the last to know that he had found a woman with whom he seemed to have much that was profound in common and with whom he formed a life-long bond of affection. For he would have almost had to pay with his life had he dared openly to put any other woman above his sister. Of the great number of suppressed letters in the archive, not all of which have yet been made public by the 'anti-archive' party, here is an example worth quoting: 'Must I always have to perform an act of expiation to reconcile myself with you? I am heartily sick of your arrogant moral chatter, and this much remains certain, that you and no other have endangered my life three times in twelve months.' This from a letter to his sister written in Nice in the spring of 1884.

THE breach between Nietzsche and his family that occurred in 1882

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and 1883 was never healed, hence his sister gets her revenge as his biographer. Bernoulli years ago informed her what arrogance she had shown in the public attacks and insinuations she had made against Lou Salomé, the woman whom Nietzsche loved and to whom he was indebted for the months of high inspiration during which he wrote *Zarathustra*. One of the most melancholy chapters in our Nietzsche explorations deals with the unscrupulousness with which the Nietzsche archive and the toadies of Frau Förster-Nietzsche smirched the honor of this splendid poetess and thinker. But the fruits of Nietzsche's experience with Lou Salomé already had revealed themselves in *Beyond Good and Evil* and showed how little one can understand Nietzsche's philosophy of woman without knowing his real relations with the opposite sex. The fact that his sister has remained uncompromising and unbending on this point has received recent documentary support in an article published by a Geneva student of Nietzsche, G. Bohnenblust, in *Annalen*, Zürich, 1928. When this account of Nietzsche's love in Geneva contradicted his sister's erroneous relation of the same story, she again revealed her priggishness and is shown to have been at first utterly uninformed and later intractable, referring to unverifiable conversations with her brother and misusing letters that had been left in her trust.

Nietzsche is one of those thinkers whose life and work are an indivisible whole. For that reason the knowledge of Nietzsche's relations with women is of decisive significance in evaluating his psychological and philosophical views on the subject. Furthermore, Nietzsche is lately regarded as the founder of a school of psychology of unmasking. He says of himself, 'If I have some advantage over all psychologists it is that I have a sharper eye for reaching the most difficult and insidious kind of conclusion in the field where most mistakes are made; by this I mean discovering the man from his work, the doer from his deed, the idealist from the ideal to which he has to cling, and the commanding necessity from the intellectual processes and sense of values through which it is revealed.' As to what conclusion we can reach about Nietzsche himself our pedagogues are divided. Current psychology sees in him the man who when he goes to the woman does not forget his whip, the typical overcompensated weakling. Others place him as the most virile of philosophers. Unquestionably both points of view are false.

One thing only is certain, that without motives drawn from his actual life any estimation of Nietzsche's philosophy about women falls to pieces. Without such knowledge actual experiences cannot be separated from imaginary conclusions, from unconscious desires. Without such knowledge all explanations, all utterances, even of a philosophic nature, are merely hot air and hot air is not the breath of the spirit. The Weimar tradition is chiefly to blame for the bigoted way in which the facts have been presented and has led students like Kurt Hildebrandt to describe the Ariadne-Cosima problem as follows: 'Ariadne is the new soul which Nietzsche himself first personified and which then becomes the soul that he wants to infuse in Europe,' and the Nietzsche Society is not fulfilling the ideas of Nietzsche the European if it brings out an Ariadne Year Book, for such an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

undertaking would make light of a really standard European work, Andler's book on Nietzsche, which is the greatest gift that intellectual France has made to Germany since the War.

Ariadne to-day is no longer a puzzle whose solution we do not know. Nietzsche had to wear masks in order not to be continually crucified. Is it a crime to divest him of these masks now? Certainly not, since we know that the original must be greater than the tragic mask he wore. Ariadne is a symbol in which Nietzsche poured out everything that life denied him in the way of love, in which he brought all these elements together and turned them into poetry. Ariadne is Cosima. She lives on Naxos-Triebschen. She does not give him the clue to the labyrinth and he cannot recall the way to her in spite of all his efforts. And to her Nietzsche-Dionysus tried to return when all else fell asunder.

THE SLEEPER

By ROY CAMPBELL

From the *New Statesman*

She lies so still, her only motion
  The waves of hair that round her sweep
Revolving to their hushed explosion
Of fragrance on the shores of sleep.
Is it my spirit or her flesh
  That takes this breathless silver swoon?
Sleep has no darkness to enmesh
  That lonely rival of the moon,
Her beauty vigilant and white
That, wakeful through the long blue night,
  Watches with my own sleepless eyes
The darkness silver into day
And through their sockets burns away
  The sorrows that have made them wise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

CHAMPIONS DU MONDE. *By Paul Morand. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1930.*

(Edmond Jaloux in *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

CHAMPIONS DU MONDE is one of many episodes in the drama now being enacted between Europe and America, a completely moral and intellectual drama, but one made up of varied incidents. It is a drama composed of love and hate, of sympathy and incomprehension, of vanity and disdain, and, last of all, it is a very human drama and even rather banal. Henry James passed most of his life attempting to expound it. He never succeeded and was so desolated by his failure that he chose to die an Englishman. But this was an escape, not a solution. In *Champions du monde* M. Paul Morand shows us eight characters who may not represent all of America but who certainly represent one aspect of it, an aspect that is fundamentally the closest to ourselves. None the less, something more than a big pond lies between us: nature has established between the two continents a really profound abyss that lies far below the superficial tracks that steamboats follow. These eight American characters have no intimate dealings with the single French character in the book, who merely plays the rôle of witness and reporter, a figure of small significance who acts but little. Like a referee he counts the blows struck. His presence is not indispensable and he merely plays a corrective or contrasting rôle. He stands in opposition to these Americans, cutting the figure of a middle-class Frenchman with some exceptional qualities, a young intellectual of the Giraudoux-Morand type.

But now let us regard M. Paul Morand's Americans. Four young men at Columbia University decide to form a secret association something like that in Balzac's *Thirteen*, of which they never seem to have heard. They plan to reunite every ten years. 'Each of us,' explains one of them, 'will in the interval have become the master of his specialty, the best man in his *métier*. We thought at one time of founding a newspaper, a party, or a colony, but we remembered that such things never succeed. Every man for himself, but we are not forbidden to help others and to let them enter from time to time the vehicle in which we ride.'

The man charged with the duty of rallying these four musketeers every ten years is the French professor at the university, the man who tells the story. He feels friendly toward these boys, who form what is virtually unknown in France: a team.

'Work done in common forged them into a single eight-cylinder model. They had no idea of shining individually, of existing outside the group. They all exuded the same sweat. They all exhaled the same odor of hot leather. They all had the same fox-terrier soul. They washed their hands in the same water under the same light, and finally, stark naked in their dressing rooms, as equal as if the last judgment were at hand, they would present to one's eyes a single

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surface, a compact form of matter. On this round, coherent, efficient organism the ravages of time and the assaults of destiny could prove of no avail. Born in four corners of the United States, in four different levels of society, descended from ancestors who came from the ends of the earth, they formed a team that came within ten seconds of winning the intercollegiate 2,400-yard relay-race championship. Hence on the clear blue breasts of their sweaters they all wore the great *C* of the university—Columbia, 1909.'

One of these young men is called Ogden Webb. Perhaps he is the most representative, a pious, optimistic, energetic, judicious American. He will be useful; he has a sense of solidarity and responsibility, a feeling for purity. Another is Max Brodsky, a very intelligent Jew, eloquent, adroit, but anxious and nervous, a man who will soon be ill at ease in a world of almost perfect machines. Then there is Ram, the athlete, and Van Norden, the most civilized of the lot in the European sense of the word. Ten years later, in 1919, the transports are bringing back to America soldiers, wounded men, and trophies. The professor has sent out the summons and the four young men are to meet in the Hotel Pennsylvania. There they all are. All of them? No. Brodsky alone failed to arrive. Van Norden during the War was a brilliant aviator. Ram is a boxing champion. Ogden Webb is one of those great organizers, part diplomat, part administrator, part politician, who were trying at that moment to piece together the remnants of a shattered world. He is just back from Siberia, where he saved part of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Then Brodsky's wife turned up, Nadine, a pretty Jewess. Her husband is in jail. It looks like bad business but he himself is innocent. He must be saved. He had a great idea but he has been framed. The three champions receive this painful news coldly. Then Webb speaks up. Nadine is right. Brodsky was imprudent but not culpable. His project was admirable. They will help him.

THE first champion to be defeated is Ram. He has married a wife named Rhoda, a woman of utter beauty but inhuman, inhuman as only a person can be who knows the returns that her plastic beauty can win her. Ram is clay in her hands and puts off all challengers in order to keep his championship as long as possible. Finally he is obliged to accept the challenge of a German boxer. He wins but the judges refuse to proclaim the result. The victim's manager has lodged a complaint against Ram. The blows that his fighter received are abnormal and a thin sheet of steel is discovered in one of the champion's gloves. Ram, dishonored, kills himself that evening before it is discovered that his manager alone was guilty. I don't care for this solution. It is inexplicable that Ram should kill himself without trying to prove his innocence or without attempting to clear himself of the whole business. M. Morand, indeed, told us that he had a weak character, but this death of his is too much like a sleight-of-hand trick. Moreover, it leaves us cold.

Brodsky becomes Webb's associate in a big deal but we are told little about the details. Does America always compel French writers to depict

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a certain type of character? On reading *Champions du monde* I kept thinking of *Trust*, by Paul Adam. Brodsky, however, breaks loose, clinging to the purpose to which his luminous intelligence has led him, that emancipated, eager intelligence of the Jew. He wants to flee to Russia.

'I am taking flight from America,' he remarks, 'for the same reason that people came here in past centuries. I need nature. I want black nights, not the electricity of Broadway. I want to swim in icy rivers and not in the lukewarm water of my bath tub; indeed, I don't even want any bath tub. I want the squalor of the grand epochs of history, the squalor of the ghettos and of Asia. Safety razors and chewing gum prevent one from getting in touch with the works of God. I never felt so soothed as when I worked in the shoe shop of the prison. To produce idiotically at any cost is the greatest crime. I am preparing to resist. I want to live in bad circumstances.' He then pronounces this tragic judgment on Americans, a judgment that many of their own writers share: 'They work too much. Why do they kill themselves working? So as not to think. And why don't they dare to think? Because they are weak, childish, lacking in restraint and natural morality. They don't say this themselves, but I say it. I am a Jew.'

Brodsky disappears, returning to his origins, primarily and eternally the Jew whom America could not absorb, who lent himself to her but who would not give up his race or, rather, certain moral conditions in which his race has evolved. Brodsky's speeches are among the best things in the book. M. Paul Morand makes use of this character to convey his own feelings. These rapid, bitter formulas in telescoped style are excellent. They have but one fault, that they do not belong to Brodsky alone. The narrator expresses himself in the same way, and even the stupid, magnificent Rhoda suddenly starts talking like the desperate Jew and like the French professor, expressing truths of this order:—

'Apart from Cannes, Deauville, Biarritz, and two or three arrondissements in Paris, France is inhabited by people who kill each other, beat animals, wear pointed beards and long drawers that reach to their feet. They have noisy automobiles and telephones that do not work.'

The narrator (and I have often pointed out how irritating it is to the reader and also to the critic that we have no name and only a few concrete details for the 'I' who tells so many modern novels) finds Nadine in a kind of lay convent, a religious sanctuary with no precise religion, a combination of morality, therapeutics, vague theism, and experimental spiritism. Paul Morand's wit, which is one of his most pleasant qualities and is also a traditional French quality running straight back to *Candide*, enjoys unusually free play on the subject of New Sparta. Here are two typical touches. '"Here is the conference room," says Nadine, "and on the left is the room for communication with spirits. I haven't got the key." . . . "At one time the idea came to me to enlist in the New Sparta, but the new Lycurgus had organized the establishment on a commercial basis. To renounce life cost twenty dollars a day."'

The young Frenchman, in order not to forget his rôle as a Frenchman,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flirts with Nadine. He says that he loves her but he does not compel us to believe him. When he finds her again he continues playing with her. One evening she offers herself and he finds it more amusing to make her wait, saying to her, as in the song, 'I shall come back to-morrow.' She, however, promptly engages herself to a Spanish duke, an operetta duke,—there is always an underlying element of Offenbach in all M. Morand's characters,—who is one of the guests at New Sparta. At this point the careless young Frenchman goes away in a slight huff.

In 1929 our observer finds his characters in France. Rhoda has got her clutches on the rich and distinguished Van Norden, but there is a Mrs. Van Norden who has not allowed him to get married. Mrs. Van Norden is one of the strongest characters in *Champions du monde*, a mother such as can exist only in countries where man is subordinate to woman. This woman is not a flesh and blood being attached by the bonds of flesh and blood to the child she bore, but a national institution, a ruinous dogma. The unfortunate Van Norden lives between these two monsters, Rhoda and his mother. He is a kind of Mæcenas, the charming, slightly melancholy American we all know because he loves France and above all its people, the kind of man who aids our labors, our monuments, our artists, who runs to assist us in our disorder, to repair our negligence and faulty routine. A flower of extreme civilization, he is only at ease when he is living in ours.

As for Ogden Webb, he comes to Paris as a delegate representing the United States at an international conference. His wife is older than he and she is a typical spouse, just as Mrs. Van Norden is the typical mother. And she is an admirable spouse, too, although not very sympathetic, for on the day when Webb falls victim to a stroke she doubles for him, hides him, writes reports in his place, saves his work and his memory, and when he dies she goes back to the United States, not like a European widow, 'with a torrent of tears beneath her crape,' but as 'an upright woman with invisible lips and dry eyes who seemed to be commanding troops.'

I shall pass over a rather sensational imbroglio in the course of which Nadine steals a valuable paper in the Webb affair and lends it to the Soviets. This utterly incredible incident was perhaps necessary to the construction of *Champions du monde* but it is rather too melodramatic for a novel that relies on observation, not on adventure. It does, however, fit in with the invisible but evident conclusion of the book, the triumph of woman over the American man. Nadine has destroyed Brodsky and part of Webb; Rhoda has destroyed Ram and part of Van Norden, his mother having taken charge of the rest of him; and if Mrs. Webb saved her husband's work she none the less weighed upon him terribly. M. Paul Morand has certainly made his characters run true to type. The admirable thing about him is that he has created this type not *a priori* but by the accumulation of just observations, and everyone knows what a sharp observer he is. If he were more of a poet he would have made these eight figures almost mythical creations, but his type of mind prevented him from fulfilling this tendency. The result is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain floundering in his characters, a kind of indecision in the way they are presented. They are something more than the people we observe in daily life, yet they are not complete as symbols. But this is criticism of a technical order that detracts in no way from the importance of a work with much substance. It establishes Paul Morand permanently in the ranks of our great French moralists who devoted themselves to the internationalism of observation, men like Stendhal and Gobineau. His work is strong and possesses great density. One cannot read it without going off on a thousand general reflections whose scope exceeds to a singular degree the fable imagined by the author. I believe that *Champions du monde* is destined to increase still further M. Paul Morand's audience.

BENGAL LANCER. *By Francis Yeats-Brown. London: Gollancz. 1930. 9s. New York: Viking Press. 1930. $3.00.*

(Week-end Review)

FOR SEVERAL REASONS this notice of a curious autobiography will concern itself almost exclusively with Mr. Yeats-Brown's experiences of certain Hindu doctrines and physico-religious practices. What he tells us of soldiering with a regiment of the Native Cavalry and of sport is interesting enough in itself, and happens to have an additional interest for a reviewer who has shot and ridden over a great deal of the ground traversed by him. But on a truly critical view of the book, all that mundane experience has value chiefly by contrast with the spiritual.

Not that, in a sense, there was not carnality enough in the latter. For Mr. Yeats-Brown approached Hinduism, which he did not adopt but by which he has clearly been profoundly influenced, through the complicated and very severe gymnastics known compendiously as Yoga. Mr. Yeats-Brown, who is modest enough when it comes to definitions and interpretations, does not pretend to completeness or finality; and it is not for a reviewer, long resident in India certainly, but doubtless too absorbed in the mere æsthetic charm of visible and tangible things, to affect ability to supplement the work of so much more naturally sympathetic a student. But if this criticism is to be intelligible, it must be prefaced by some rough indication of the nature of Yoga.

Very roughly, then, Yoga is a system, minutely particularized at many points but admitting in modern Hindu practice of great variability at others, which aims, through a largely physical initiation, at giving the disciple the eventual conviction that his body has achieved exact accord with the physical world and that his soul is part of the universal consciousness. So far as limited and very slightly qualified observation justifies the remark, it seems capable of accommodating everything from a rarefied mysticism to the sillier Occidental varieties of the process of 'getting in tune with the Infinite' by listening to the inane. In India itself, in no inconsiderable proportion of cases, the disciple seems to get little beyond mastery of the body, not in any way that would have been appreciated by a Greek or can be appreciated by the typical modern European concerned for fitness. In one instance, which Mr. Yeats-Brown does

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not mention, and which I certainly will not describe, the mastery of the body is, to the extremest conceivable sense, *à rebours*. In a good many others, there is at least this much of perversity, that the normal association of one set of muscular movements with another is broken. The interior, as indeed I have implied in my first instance, is far from being ignored by the Yogis, or by Mr. Yeats-Brown.

Here is part of what his Platonic Indian Egeria told him:—

> The *Tantra Sanbita* has a *dbauti* [purification] in which the worshiper stands navel-deep in water and draws out his long intestine. . . . Then you must learn to drink water through the nose and expel it through the mouth, and drink it through the mouth and expel it through the nose; and the purification of the heart through vomiting; and the ventilation of the alimentary canal by means of the crow-bill pout.

All of which is not only very hard work, and contrary to the Occidental notion of the providentially ordained uses of the organs, but, as many *gurus* emphatically warn prospective initiates, no guarantee of spiritual success.

It must in fairness be recognized, and Mr. Yeats-Brown is naturally quick to recognize it, that Yoga, under its gymnastic aspect, is not intended to be more than a means to an end. If there be many, as there seem to be, who laboriously learn the means and get no nearer the end, the fault, say the *gurus*, is not in the means but in themselves: they have lost sight of the end, or have used their means unworthily. It is a reasonable enough retort.

But in some Occidental minds there will arise the question whether the end is for quite everyone quite the most desirable: or, rather, whether striving, at all costs, toward a defined spiritual end is quite the best way of spending our brief period. Who, after all, can be absolutely certain of either attainment or of the value of it? On the other hand, we can all choose, to some extent, among means, and by choosing the gracious, the humane, even the merely amusing, accumulate some excuses for our likely enough errors about the original intentions of the Creator. It is at least conceivable that Mr. Yeats-Brown may have been doing as much good when he was kindly to his Indian troopers, or affording the Indian wild boar opportunity for exercise of its formidable virtues, as when he was seeking unity with the universal consciousness by a ritual of deep breathing. Had we not better make sure of our little successes in matters of which we truly can judge than sacrifice everything in quest of the problematical?

Doubtless there are as many ways of salvation as there are human personalities. Exercise in dislocation may be part of one way; study of Sanskrit may be part of another; and the two together, Müller and Max-Müller, so to speak, may take a man two stages on what, I understand, is called The Way. But here we have to do with a personal record, and it is unfortunate that the reader is left wondering about Mr. Yeats-Brown's objective and his progress toward it. However, there is an unusual piquancy of contrast between the worldly and the unworldly passages. A writer, extremely popular in America, who took two-thirds of his name from Emerson and only one-third from Athanasius—'When I reflect on my opportunities I am astonished at my moderation'—wrote some passages rather like some by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Yeats-Brown. But Ralph Waldo Trine never trained Indian troopers, or rode down the bravest and most dangerous beast on earth, the Indian wild boar. In a world of illusion, it is not uncomforting to fasten on the more solid of the illusions. It would be impudence to profess to judge whether Mr. Yeats-Brown has made the best of both worlds, but he has made something of this one.

ECONOMIC PROSPERITY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE. *By Stephen Leacock. London: Constable. 1930. 7s. 6d.*

(J. A. Hobson in the *Spectator*, London)

IN THE MIDDLE of the last century this country decided to grant political self-government to its white colonies, and to leave them in full control of their economic resources and policy. Professor Leacock, in the early chapters of an extremely interesting book, traces the history of this period of disintegration. He regards it as a policy of errors, due to the prevailing doctrine of Cobdenism, which allowed our national trade to develop without any attempt to direct it into empire-building. Our spare capital and population were permitted to seek their best employment in the United States and other foreign lands, instead of filling and developing the empty lands of the Empire.

By the time that the vision of a free-trade world had faded out, and tariff walls were visible everywhere, the complete economic union of this country with the Dominions was no longer politically feasible. 'The conferences—colonial (1887, 1897, 1902) and later imperial (from 1907)—began to work out a form of permanent union by means of permanent separation' (p. 87). Law, defense, finance, even diplomacy and foreign relations, passed from the central imperial government to the separate units. The momentarily united front presented by this free group of nations in the Great War appeared to many a complete justification of the disintegrative policy. The admission of six Dominions as members of the League of Nations set a formal seal upon their independence.

Such has been the process which Professor Leacock seeks to reverse. Not that he desires to impair the political autonomy of the Dominions. They must ever remain free to raise and lower their tariffs as they will. His reasoning is directed to show that Britain and the Dominions alike will be immense gainers by a concerted policy of economic integration. He wishes a large agreed policy of migration and finance, which will rid Britain of her superabundant population, which will people the vacant lands of the Empire; and will furnish the necessary capital for well-considered development. He would pool all the public debts of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, and build a structure of imperial credits wherewith to finance his large policy of directed migration and productive industry. Such a scheme, he considers, would even bring in financial aid from America and other foreign sources.

Now I am free to admit that Professor Leacock makes a plausible case. But it would be still more plausible if he did not confine his 'Empire' to the white constituent nations. For the policy of economic integration he desiderates would seem to require the inclusion of the tropical and other resources of our colonies and protec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torates. It is true that he does not contemplate complete self-sufficiency for the Empire, but financial proposals which leave out of account our great financial and economic interests in India and Africa are crippled at the outset. Our colored empire also is the repository of a good many foods and raw materials essential to white civilization. Professor Leacock has nothing to say about them, except to disclaim all responsibility for their political and economic government on the part of the Dominions. He does not even want the Dominions to meet the colonies and protectorates in conference.

Now there are two difficulties virtually fatal to the achievement of this policy. The first relates to tariffs, the second to migration. Professor Leacock's tariff proposal runs thus:—

> That a committee report a proposal of Empire tariff review, following the general principles of the safeguarding of manufacture in each Dominion, an Empire supertariff against foreign goods over and above the tariff made by each Dominion, and the right of all the Dominions, including the United Kingdom, to make inside this arrangement any further reciprocal bargain with any foreign country which may serve its commercial interest, so that the Empire tariff is not fixed and obligatory at any time, in any part, or any of the component parts, of the Empire.

Now, if I understand this proposal correctly, it requires, first, that Great Britain adopt a tariff against the admission from foreign countries of all foods, materials, and manufactured goods which any Dominion may be able to supply. For when behind the tariffs, which will still keep out our manufactures where any Dominion industry exists, the capital and labor flowing from Great Britain shall have further developed Dominion manufactures, and when they, like the United States, will wish to export their surplus manufactures, they are to find, if not a free, at any rate a preferential, market in Great Britain. We are to supply them with the capital and the labor which will make them economically independent of our manufactures, the only mode of payment for our imported foods and raw materials we can make!

It is true that private enterprise in this country (supported by some state encouragement and guarantee) is relied upon to secure this direction of the flow of labor and capital into the Empire. Now to suppose that sane private enterprise will pour the necessary millions of capital into Australia and South Africa, or that Canada can safely cut herself off from the penetration of American machinery, is quite incredible. Nor is any motive power provided that will impel our unemployed laborers to leave Britain, or to fit themselves for their required tasks in the Dominions, even assuming that the workers, who form the main body of the electorate in the Dominions, would permit such invasion by the lower-paid workers from Europe.

Though the Imperial Conference may serviceably be directed to make Dominion resources and opportunities better known, and to utilize the very real harmonies of feeling, thought, language, and standards of civilization, to strengthen commercial relations, it cannot safely engage itself in a reversal of our policy of free imports in return for such a small and precarious increase of our export market as Mr. Leacock's proposals are likely to secure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Wagner in Love

SOME ironic fate has seen to it that the discovery of Nietzsche's unrequited love for Cosima Wagner, described elsewhere in this issue by Dr. Erich F. Podach, has come to light at the same moment that a thwarted passion of Wagner's is also being revealed. The object of this affection was a bourgeois girl named Mathilde Maier whom the great composer met in Mainz at the house of his publisher, Schott. During 1863, when the fifty-year-old Wagner was beginning to feel himself attracted to Cosima,—who at that time was married to his friend Hans von Bülow,—he was also writing warm letters to the twenty-nine-year-old Mathilde and offering to marry her as soon as his own wife should die. Wagner had been in debt for years and the many emotional complications that surrounded him made him long for a simple *Hausfrau*. Mathilde, he knew, would perform domestic duties admirably, for he had seen her keeping house for her mother, her sister, and her maiden aunts and cultivating a peaceful atmosphere in which music and literature were deeply appreciated. Here is the way he wrote to her in January, 1863, explaining what he called his 'moral problem':—

'I need a home, not one bounded by any particular spot, but a personal one. I shall be fifty next May. I cannot marry as long as my wife is alive; to obtain a divorce from her now in her bad state of health would be to hasten her end. She will bear anything else provided the legal form remains her property. Under these conditions I am being ruined . . . I need a quiet home, a dear child to bring me my breakfast to my bedside, and then work afterward, and nobody to interrupt except you to see how things are going. Then you would see about a simple midday meal. And then I should have to go out, receive people, pay visits, and, if all goes well, back home again in the evening to the place where I belong. In Vienna, in the big city, there is nothing against the feasibility of the plan as far as outward appearances are concerned. Somewhere outside. R. W.'s last refuge, with his angel—his wife, should the unhappy being whom he married in his blind youth die before him.'

Six months later he approached the girl's mother on the subject:—

'I have to decide how to make my home as comfortable within as is compatible with my now stable financial position. The need to entrust my household to a feminine hand has become so strong with me that I have been seriously contemplating whether it would not be better to summon my wife back again rather than live alone. But past experience and the opinions of all relatives and friends have decided me against it. For her own health's sake—sudden death from an enlarged heart in case of shock—I cannot divorce her. I need a feminine being who would first of all undertake to look after my household and then be sufficiently close in mind and character to me to suffice for my needs.

'You know what your daughter means to me. Have you sufficient courage to face the world and sufficient confidence in me? She is of the same age as nieces whom a man of my age could take into his home any day, if she could not be looked upon as a daughter. I have an apartment of two stories, one of which could be her own entirely. Need I assure you that Mathilde would be protected against the world? Or may I, without seeming to express a wicked wish, take the eventual death of my wife into consideration and, in the case of this occurrence, ask for your daughter's hand? I have only one excuse in laying this extraordinary demand before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you—it must be taken into consideration as part of the extraordinariness of my whole life.'

Mathilde, however, had already come to a decision which she explained as follows in the only letter of hers that has survived:—

'You must know that the first time I saw you the deep lines of pain graven on your face made an ineradicable impression on me. I would gladly have laid all the joys in the world at your feet to have erased them just for one moment. When we met again I saw that I myself—or myself as you see me—possessed the power of cheering you a little. I would prefer that you did not recognize me as I am if I did not think that would be a lie, even if an unconscious one.

'It depresses me, I cannot bear it, that you should think me greater than I am. I will tell you at once—in facing narrow-minded prejudices I am as cowardly as most women. This wouldn't go as far as lying, but certainly to concealment. I was not so when I was younger, but life has spoiled me. Two reasons may perhaps serve to excuse me: first, there is my mother, who loves nothing in the world so much as me, and to whom it would be dreadful if I did anything which might be open to false interpretation. I love my mother intensely, and couldn't bear her to suffer through me. My second reason is that I do not possess sufficient contempt for humanity, and actually love some of these narrow-minded people very much.'

Their correspondence, however, did not end here. Wagner kept on writing to her through 1878 and Mathilde remained a friend of Cosima's until she died in 1910. She seems to have been a person of great beauty and of unusual intelligence as well, for she was always in demand at intellectual and artistic parties. The only reason that the correspondence has not been made public sooner is that Fraulein Maier—she died a spinster—insisted that nothing be revealed until Frau Cosima had passed away.

Bullfighting Brutalized

PRIMO DE RIVERA'S dictatorship did not always identify itself with the cause of progress, but in abolishing certain inhuman practices from the bull-ring it took a much more enlightened attitude than the present Government is showing. It banned the village bullfight, an impromptu affair sometimes enacted with a cow and at other times more dangerous to the audience than to the participants. It introduced the *peto*, a kind of padded vest that the horses wore to protect them from being disemboweled, and it forbade the fire dart, an explosive *banderilla* that went off under the bull's hide to stimulate his fighting powers. But the new Government has begun rescinding these reforms. The horses will continue to wear jackets, since the practice has saved the bullfight promoters some $250,000 a year and has reduced the mortality of horses from about 9,000 to 2,000 a season. The village bullfight will not, however, be prosecuted as vigorously as before, and, worst of all, the fire dart is again to be allowed.

The British press, responsive as ever to the sufferings of animals, has condemned the change and presented objections that seem to be well founded. The fire dart does not achieve its purpose of making a cowardly bull do battle—it merely adds to his torture, which, as the *Times* describes it in an editorial, is not to be envied:—

'In the long and deliberate process of doing the bull to death in an arena from which escape is impossible, the turn of the *banderilleros* is reached after the mounted picadors have driven their long lances into the neck muscles of the bull and so weakened his butting power. The dart-throwers then take up the running, and play nimbly round the partially crippled animal. Unmounted and unprotected themselves, they throw their javelins from close quarters so as to plant them in couples around the same mark

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behind the horns. Their work is hazardous, and often their colleagues have to spring forward with their red cloaks to distract the attention of the still formidable fighting animal from the defenseless *banderilleros*.

'The climax of the fight has still to come, when the matador can approach close enough to drive his sword into the bull's vitals; and in the meantime the sharp pain of the dart points is expected to excite his fighting instincts. Should he nevertheless not run in to attack his assailant he is judged to be of a cowardly nature; and at this moment recourse was made, and is apparently again to be made, to the *banderillas de fuego*. Crackers attached to the fire darts explode with a series of reports which send even a much exhausted bull careering afresh across the sand, while the infernal contrivance on his back scorches his lacerated shoulders with discharges of sulphur. The maddened creature is often dazed and terrified rather than rendered more combative, and many of the best judges hold that not even this cruel device can turn a bad fighter into a good one. It must in any case be revolting to all lovers of animals and of true sport, to whom bullfighting is at best a brutal spectacle in which a noble animal is done to death in a confined area, so strangely different from the green open pastures where he has been bred, for the delectation of the populace. It is true that the new regulation imposes certain limits to the size and type of fire darts, but it does not seem likely that these precautions will greatly reduce the bull's agony. Once this bloody pastime had to a certain limited extent been humanized by the introduction of the *petos* and the prohibition of the *banderillas de fuego*, it is indeed a most regrettable retrogression to revert to the use of fire darts.'

In spite of the growing popularity of football in Spain, bullfighting still holds its own as the national pastime. There are some 228 breeders of bulls in the country and nearly ten thousand professional bullfighters of one kind or another. During 1929 eight thousand bulls were killed, 368 bullfighters were injured, eight were killed, and many more unrecorded accidents occurred in the village fights. To the five hundred odd bull-rings in Spain fourteen new ones were added during the same period. Two signs of progress can be discerned. It is forbidden to starve a bull before the fight and a post-mortem weighing-in process is being devised to catch offenders. In the second place, the protection now given the horses may revive the ancient pride of the picadors, who used to consider it a disgrace for the animals to be wounded and who tried only to weary the bulls with their pikes.

Proust's Letters

ALL OF Marcel Proust's private correspondence is to appear in a series of volumes edited by his brother, Robert Proust, and by Paul Brach. The first book of this material, containing Proust's letters to Robert de Montesquiou, has just been published and the second, containing his letters to Mme. de Noailles, is on the press. His three letters to René Blum, editor of *Gil Blas*, that appear elsewhere in this issue, will form part of still another volume. Instead of being arranged chronologically, all correspondence with each individual will appear together, sometimes filling an entire book. One reason for this procedure is that in some cases the answers he received will also be included, whereas in others—the Montesquiou letters, for instance—only Proust's writings will appear, the replies being unavailable.

The chief interest in Proust's letters to Montesquiou is that their recipient was the original from which the character of M. de Charlus was drawn. It is particularly unfortunate that Montesquiou's letters do not appear, for he came close to being a great writer in his own right. A member of a distinguished family, the author of some twenty volumes, he will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be known in literature not as his real and single self but as two imaginary characters, more real than he ever was—Proust's Charlus and the voluptuary, des Esseintes, the central figure in a celebrated series of novels by J. K. Huysmans. Robert Proust says that his brother's letters to Montesquiou 'show completely the incessant interchange of ideas' between the two men, but Albert Thibaudet, one of the leading Paris critics, disagrees. 'Except in the final letters,' he says, 'where Proust gives a little explanation of his work, it would be hard to find any ideas in this correspondence. There are incidents in social life, excuses and politeness and compliments, details of Proust's health, but that is all.'

This does not mean, however, that the letters lack interest. They show Proust exploring and experiencing that world of high society which he always believed it was his mission to describe. Occasional revealing passages also occur: 'I extract a generality from a thousand unconscious reminiscences. I cannot tell you how many different churches posed for my church at Combray in *Du Côté de chez Swann*. Still more invention went into the characters, like monuments into which are gently introduced a certain spire, a certain flooring, a certain dome.' No doubt the letters to Mme. de Noailles will offer more literary and less social material, though both elements were of equal importance to the man who wrote them.

A Substitute for Alcohol

WHILE drunkenness steadily increases in the United States without any special commission being appointed to deal exclusively with the problem, the British Licensing Board is conducting an investigation of the liquor traffic with a view to reducing still further the declining consumption of alcohol in the United Kingdom. So far the star witness in the case has been Lord D'Abernon, the first post-war ambassador from Britain to Berlin and former chairman of the Central Control Board, which regulated the liquor traffic during the War. He regards drinking as not only a vanishing but an unsatisfactory art and believes that an enormous fortune awaits the first man who can discover a substitute for alcohol:—

'In view of the fact that alcohol does badly what it sets out to do, that it is not a true stimulant and that the euphoria (relief from sickness) it brings is not exempt from disagreeable and injurious reaction, I continue to believe in the eventual concoction of some preferable substitute.'

Lord D'Abernon does not advocate any change in the present liquor laws in England, where high taxes and wise limitation and spacing of hours permitted for the sale of drink have proved highly effective. Another expert witness, Dr. H. M. Vernon of the Industrial Health Research Board, attacked—figuratively, of course—the cocktail. 'I think the cocktail habit is very bad indeed,' he said and announced that it does not stimulate but deadens the appetite. Still another expert, Dr. Arthur Shadwell, advanced the ingenious theory that nations that do not drink gamble and vice versa:—

'Drink and gambling may go together, but nationally they are complementary to a great extent. There is no drunkenness whatever in Portugal. Everybody drinks but little, but there is tremendous gambling. I have observed that betting and gambling have increased in this country.'

The Franco-American Bar

WEDDING receptions in the aristocratic Saint-Germain quarter of Paris have taken on new life now that an American bar has been installed in the Hotel Lutetia, the only first-class establishment in the neighborhood. Indeed, to judge from an inside story written especially for *Candide*, the intellectual centre of the world has found that the introduction of cocktails to the wedding breakfast constitutes a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wholly noble experiment. What is more, the quaint New-World cocktail custom seems to be saving the Lutetia bar from bankruptcy, for the only regular visitor to its oasis is a mysterious American who appears every day at half past six to consume a double whiskey and who comments favorably on the weather when he is feeling right but who usually says nothing. During the visit to Paris of the 'golden mothers,' as *Candide* calls them, another element appeared, although our own newspapers do not seem to have mentioned the fact that several of these ladies, 'their chests adorned with the tricolor, would sip a Lutetia special while they argued about styles.'

But Parisians, not Americans, provide the bar with most of its income. *Candide* describes a typical wedding party of the better sort, with 'big brother Gustave, cousin Lucie, and a whole bevy of fresh-faced girls and boys bounding into the bar cracking jokes two centuries old and shouting, "Cocktails!"'

'Is it strong?' inquires one of the young ladies, tasting her boy-friend's drink preparatory to asking for whatever 'another of the same' would be in French. She then asserts, 'It's true—it's good, that contraption,' whereupon she begins that fine old Gallic custom of throwing potato chips and olives all over the place. At this point the clown of the party feigns extreme intoxication, making faces and sliding about in his chair. Suddenly the door opens, '*Vive la mariée!*' they all cry and another bridesmaid makes her first acquaintance with '*Alpinisme*' in trying to seat herself on one of the high stools against the bar. There is now—we are still faithfully following *Candide's* description—a double line of beards, exquisitely combed and pointed, bearing down on the bar.

'I have never yet been in a bar,' says a sententious old gentleman who wears the rosette of Public Instruction in his buttonhole, 'but on the whole it is very pretty.'

Three elderly ladies sit down discreetly at a table. They are wearing straw hats and each one has a cameo brooch at the neck of her wide-sleeved jacket. Their cloaks are frilled with plumes. 'And three Martini cocktails,' shouts the assistant barkeep in a voice that barely makes itself heard above the crescendo of an alcoholic epithalamium. Just as the guests have begun smashing their glasses the manager enters to inform them that the wedding breakfast is served. We now quote verbatim from *Candide's* inimitable description:—

'The sortie is effected in comparative order with reiterated cries of "*Vive la mariée*," although the second maid of honor laments the remainder of a Manhattan which she vainly attempts to toss off, spilling most of it on her lovely corsage. The bar now resembles a field of battle. The floor is covered with olive stones and broken glass.

'"It doesn't look like much," says the bald bartender in a peaceful voice, "but in three-quarters of an hour I have made more than three hundred francs."'

Emil Ludwig at Home

CORNERED in his forest home in Switzerland by a Vienna newspaper woman, Emil Ludwig consented to answer a number of questions about his literary productions but refused to reveal what he is working on at the moment. His new play, *Cécile*, is to have its world première at Prague in October but his new book is a secret. All he has said is that it concerns a nineteenth-century German whose private papers have only just come to light and who has never enjoyed the fame that will be his when Herr Ludwig gets through with him. The book will differ from its author's other biographies in that it represents his first—and, he adds, his last—attempt at original research. With Napoleon, Bismarck, Goethe, and the rest, he was content to rely on the researches of others—indeed, in the case of Lincoln he would have done

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well to rely a little more on established facts and considerably less on his own fancy. Of this fancy he has, however, a high opinion. Modestly, Herr Ludwig brackets himself with Macaulay and Carlyle, claiming with them the advantage of not having to fill academic obligations. He remarks that his output in the past ten years has been less than theirs in certain decades and approvingly refers to Edison's definition of genius as ninety-eight per cent perspiration and two per cent inspiration.

Herr Ludwig has made a hobby of collecting foreign editions of his various works, which have now been translated into twenty-four foreign languages, including Japanese, Hebrew, and Arabic. *Napoleon* enjoyed the greatest success, the *Son of Man* came second, *July '14* third, and *Goethe* fourth. He ascribes to political considerations the attacks which professors have made on him and asserts that no inaccuracies were detected in his *Goethe*, *Rembrandt*, or *Napoleon* until *Bismarck* appeared in 1925. In any event, he has now renounced political themes and is returning to his favorite topic—the human heart. Here is the way he says he portrays it:—

'First of all, the picture of the man tells me more than all other documents. Then everything private, which is more significant of the man than his public activities. But above all the coincidence of public and private life, because great statesmen, writers, soldiers, or intellectuals are governed by the same motives, restrictions, physical peculiarities, curiosity, and distrust as you and I and my gardener out there. What I have been writing for the past ten years has resounded widely only because I always have represented the human heart.'

His interviewer then questioned him about politics.

'Nothing about politics,' he answered. 'Two words only—against war and for Europe. It seems to me a false prejudice that dictators inevitably bring war. I consider Mussolini and Stalin as the two strongest guarantees of peace in Europe. They—or their parties—have had more power in their hands for a greater length of time than any statesman or party in any other country. This continuity rests on systems which I personally oppose because of their lack of freedom. But that does not alter the fact that both men are attempting great things and resemble each other more than either of them would like to do. But since they, as men of flesh, blood, and nerves, if and because they consider their ideas fruitful, want to remain in power, and since neither of their governments seems to be facing any domestic dangers, they have the greatest personal interest in maintaining peace. For only war can overthrow them and apparently it would actually do so.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

'A New Eye on America'

THREE FRENCHMEN have recently written books on America that have enjoyed marked success. Georges Duhamel's *Scènes de la vie future* we have already quoted from in this department and it is not a flattering interpretation. Paul Morand's *Champions du monde* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The third, *Un Œil neuf sur l'Amérique*, by Paul Achard, is described as follows by Pierre Dominique in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*:—

M. Paul Achard, whose talent I have always esteemed, will not hold it against me if I permit myself to remind him that journalism leads to everything provided one can transcend it. M. Achard was given an opportunity to travel in America, but his guides showed him only what they wanted him to see and nothing else. They did this politely, like a parvenu who makes a point of dwelling on how beautiful his garage is, how large his garden, and how many possessions he has. When M. Paul Achard returned to France he declared, 'Here is what I saw. Here is *A New Eye on America*, a kind of photographic plate.' He allowed only impressions to be made on himself and indeed he has succeeded. We do not demand a philosophy of him but we at least wish that he had not been content with sketching the mere outlines of things. What a shame it was that M. Paul Achard had only eyes at his disposal and no X-rays.

For here is what he wrote: 'No women harnessed to carts, no men pulling wagons with their hands. America respects the human being.' Yet he devotes only three hasty pages to the negro, in whose life he finds signs of this respect, though the negro question is a burning one, especially in Arkansas and certain other states where they literally do burn the colored American citizen. And here is what he says when he surveys the American crowd: 'One does not see on the faces of these people that bitterness that so often reveals the worries from which the Latin suffers. The American workingman turns up at his office or factory well scrubbed, well shaved, in good health, and in good humor. The physiognomy of the men on the streets betrays this influence.'

Such a description hardly fits Chicago and is indeed astonishing when one recalls the terrible pictures Theodore Dreiser has painted, or when one remembers the slums of New York, teeming with poverty and with thousands of unemployed.

Nevertheless, Paul Achard is terribly sincere and his excessive admiration for America leads him to make audacious criticisms quite unconsciously.

'Standardization often has its good points. When one enters an elevator one takes off one's hat. It is a custom. There may be no lady in it but a lady may enter at any moment. The Americans have discovered it is more practical to take off their hats so as not to lose time deliberating.' I must confess that that seems to me the lowest form of barbarism. It is the exact opposite of politeness. 'Time to deliberate'—if we cannot take that we at once fall to the level of insects. No more free choice, no more nuances. One takes off one's hat in an elevator automatically. One becomes an automaton. The purpose of America is to make man into machines.

Farther on he writes as follows: 'If an American has made a discovery he does not wait. He makes it public and applies it. In France the scholar will wait until he has performed a thousand experiments and meanwhile others will have achieved what he was after.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is an evident confusion here between laboratory experiment and improved technique. If one mentions in America the names of Pasteur, Roux, Claude Bernard, Carnot, Geoffroy, Saint-Hilaire, Lamarck, Cuvier, Quinton, Curie, to name only a few Frenchmen, it will contribute nothing to the present discussion, for these men were scholars pure and simple, in other words, men of whose existence America cannot even conceive. They do not repeat the same experiment a thousand times but their researches eliminate every source of error.

It is well known that the aëroplane, the automobile, the phonograph, and the wireless were invented on this side of the Atlantic and it is no less evident that the United States, through its capital resources, industrialized these inventions. What does that prove? That there is a great civilization on the other side of the Atlantic? Agreed. And this allows us to draw a distinction between civilization and culture. History has already seen groups of human beings that were highly cultivated yet of mediocre civilization, such as the Greeks; others that were highly civilized and highly cultivated at the same time, like ourselves, for instance; and others that were highly civilized but hardly cultivated at all, of which type America is the perfect example. One cannot but hope that some day America will give birth to a culture of her own, but until that time we cannot help preferring Greek society to American.

Byrd's Antarctic Movie

UNLIKE many other newspapers in London, the *Times* does not go out of its way to ridicule the United States on every possible occasion. From time to time, however, certain American exploits positively invite mockery and it was too much to expect the movies of the Byrd expedition to the South Pole, as presented in a Paramount film, to escape attention. Here is what the *Times* critic thought of that epic of heroism:—

It is hard to believe that the South Pole can be vulgarized, but it has now been done and done thoroughly. One would have supposed that the Antarctic plateau would have rejected the atmosphere of the studios, but Paramount has marvelously subdued it—has spilled polysyllabic heroics over it, has decorated it with sentimental ribbons, has trodden it with captions and tickled it with humor, has supplied it with brass bands and flags and letters from home and photographs of the explorers' children on the croquet lawns of Massachusetts—with everything except, by some unaccountable omission, a 'love interest'; has, in brief, found it snow and left it slush.

The duty of those who set out to make a cinematographic record of such an expedition as Admiral Byrd's is to record what they see and to keep themselves and their inventions in the background. Who wants photographs of photographers when he can have a picture of a whale? The spectator should be permitted to become in imagination a member of the party and to forget that he is being personally conducted by a guide full of solemnity and facetiousness. He should be allowed, moreover, to preserve his sense of proportion from assault and not be continually asked to associate Admiral Byrd's twenty hours of courageous flying with the achievement and endurance of Amundsen and Scott. If the film had been made with reasonable restraint, it would have been of value. Pictures of great beauty are contained in it, the photographers having used their cameras well. The icy sea, the ship nosing her way through it, the movement of the dog teams against a white background, the scenes in the base camp of frozen masses illuminated by night—these alone, if they had been left alone, would have made a good film.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the studios may be relied upon to improve upon Nature and not to recognize austere beauty when they see it. It is not enough that an aëroplane is in the air over a white continent. A talkie voice must forever be striving to 'work up drama' by telling us that Byrd is doing this and doing that while we are with our own eyes watching him do it; the poor man cannot pick up a sextant or look out of a window without his action being described in a tense and breathless growl. And when he has dropped the Stars and Stripes on to the South Pole, still it is not enough. 'Swiftly the newspaper man flashes out his message'—and there in the base camp is someone heightening drama on a typewriter. Byrd returns and is welcomed by his men. Caps are tossed in the air—there is in the film an abundance of community cap-tossing—but even this does not suffice. Just as, when we were at sea, pathos was provided in a close-up of a seasick dog, so now humor is needed. 'The men are eager to know how high was the Pole,' says the screen, and snickers. All this may, perhaps, be pardoned as mere silliness, but one essay of the caption writer is, at least in England, unpardonable. A dog has fallen ill. It is necessary to take him out and shoot him. 'Another very gallant gentleman,' says the screen, 'walks his last mile.' It is, after all, not surprising that the organization which permitted this and was proud of it was also able to provide, with evident complacency, enough petty vulgarisms to make even the Antarctic ridiculous.

'Pertinax' on America

'Pertinax,' otherwise known as André Géraud, made a flying trip to the United States during the early summer, when he aroused the fury of Senator Borah and other isolationists by attacking America's irresponsible foreign policy. He has now returned to Paris, where he has resumed his daily contributions to the *Echo de Paris*, of which he is the foreign editor and for which he wrote a series of eight long articles on the United States describing the business depression, Prohibition, and other momentous matters. He concluded with this summary of his views:—

France is ringing with attacks and criticisms of the United States. Machinery is accused of having suppressed the individual. Spiritual life is said to be weak there. America has no artists. All human faculties are devoted to amassing a huge material fortune and this great material fortune is melting in the sun like the wings of Icarus. Senility and decadence are already appearing.

These charges are unjust. It is true that Europeans find a certain sadness in America: a sense of solitude in terms of time that is much more depressing than any solitude in terms of space can be. This solitude betrays itself in the physical aspect of the cities and the countryside. There is a surface idealism which carries one along like a hired carriage. A disagreeable mechanism of existence has been produced. Individuals have been reduced to a few types. Complacency and prejudice often become irritating.

But, on the other hand, the charm of America cannot be denied. It is the first great society and even the first race that we have seen come into existence and then grow, all others having been formed in remote periods of existence whose secrets we cannot penetrate. Is a Far Western Rome establishing itself or are we witnessing an immense inflation? Will America produce some new model or will it merely conform to types that we already know? The uncertainty of these speculations makes the spectator passionately excited. Meanwhile we see many strong and often cultivated personalities shouldering their way through the surrounding atmosphere of servitude. What infectious optimism exists! And in universities like Princeton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are not the young men comparable to the finest young men at Oxford? And how beautiful are the high buildings in New York and Chicago!

Unquestionably the worst error we can fall into is to imagine that the New World has already said its last word, that it will not evolve beyond the forms we now see. These forms have nothing rigid about them, and the economic and financial structures are not the only elements in the American scene that may be altered.

'We must destroy and rebuild,' a banker said to me. 'American history has not ended, it is only beginning.' Perhaps in time it will gain that enrichment of the human soul that comes from a great diversity of experience and that comes as the reward for misfortune, a form of wealth that a too monotonous, too steady, and too rapid process of financial gain has failed to yield up to now.

America's Rhineland Babies

THE FOREIGN PRESS has devoted considerable space to the fact that one American army division produced more illegitimate children in the Rhineland in three years than three French army corps produced in twelve. In reply to accusations that the French soldiers outdid those of all other nations in corrupting and seducing the German women in whose neighborhood they were quartered, *Candide* has published a lengthy, triumphant article based on this table of figures, showing how many illegitimate children each body of troops was responsible for:—

American	1,851
English	988
French	767
Belgian	199
Negro	15
Unknown	21

Since an American division of 5,000 men [says *Candide*] produced in three years 1,851 illegitimate children and since three French army corps of 80,000 men were just able to produce a total of 767 children in twelve years, it is easy to estimate what progeny 80,000 Americans would have left behind them after twelve years of occupation. The result would be impressive: 118,464 illegitimate children. While admitting that this little calculation follows a rigid figuring that actual facts would not have conformed to, and even considering that German virtue may be more amenable to dollars than to francs, the comparison still remains to our advantage. It shows the essentially correct attitude of the 'average Frenchman' in a foreign population and gives a just answer to the calumnious statements that German propaganda, with a view to blackening our reputation, has spread throughout the world.

New York's Theatrical Supremacy

IN AT LEAST one field of artistic activity America is at last receiving European recognition: the New York theatre is generally recognized abroad as the best in the world. Here, for instance, is what George March, a contributor to the *Saturday Review* of London, has to say on the subject. He is describing the post-war dramatic renaissance and the emergence of Eugene O'Neill:—

Apart from this astonishing birth and production of native drama, the New York stage had become the refuge, the clearing house, and testing ground for the world theatre. We have only to glance at the list of plays exhibited in New York between the years 1918–22 to marvel at its variety, its initiative, and its cosmopolitanism. And a few producers and scenic designers, who had absorbed all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was to learn from Europe, were now outstripping their peers with individual productions remarkable for their imaginative quality and technical perfection. Robert Edmond Jones, Bel Geddes, Throckmorton, and Simonson are to-day in every respect the equal of Reinhardt or Appia, Meierhold or Gaston Baty. While O'Neill, who since *Beyond the Horizon* and *Anna Christie* has gone from strength to strength, until he produced, in 1927, his profoundest and maturest drama, *Strange Interlude*, is now being played in every European capital.

Yet it must be admitted that this comprehensive cosmopolitanism and frenzied activity has had corresponding drawbacks. On the one hand, the American playwright, apart from O'Neill, has not been able to keep pace with this development and early promises have not always been fulfilled. On the other, the New York audience led, perhaps,. to expect too much, has become blasé and is increasingly more difficult to please. As New York has grown to be the greatest theatrical producing centre in the world, so the New York audience has become the most critical and the most capricious of any that ever flocked to the playhouse.

America's Will to Peace

AMERICA'S HYPOCRISY has become such a stock phrase in the European press that Jacques Bardoux, a frequent contributor to *Le Temps*, goes out of his way to show that the United States really means to do the right thing by Great Britain and the world at large:—

This will to peace is a reality both in London and Washington. As to London, we have no doubt whatever, but the desires of Washington are more questionable. Memories arise to plague us and we make mental reservations, but we are quite mistaken. Of course, the American Government will continue to intervene with some brutality in countries or islands where its ships touch as they sail southward or across the Pacific. But these expeditions are rare and annexations are even rarer. Washington is not pursuing a policy of territorial expansion either in South America or on the Asiatic continent. Of course, America wants to increase its markets and to collaborate in working out the destinies of other countries. Unquestionably it will continue to forbid Europeans in South America and Japanese in the Far East from occupying any country or intervening in any way. But the Americans do not claim any monopoly or special privileges. They accept competition. They admit equality. They only demand liberty. Commercial penetration and financial coöperation seem to them the only modern and moral, efficacious and profitable means of conquest. This imperialism is simply the radio-activity of an organization working at full pressure, an organization whose output of machinery and capital is constantly outgrowing the narrow limits of its domestic market. Ever since the Armistice, manifestations in behalf of this policy have been coupled with manifestations in behalf of peace. It was the pressure of pacifist opinion that brought about the Washington Naval Conference and that created the Kellogg Pact and determined the United States to join the World Court.

American opinion would never tolerate any tendency on the part of its Government to rail openly at pacifism and far less would Americans permit their chief executive to refer to guns as being symbols and instruments of an invincible faith or to elaborate on the beauty of guns, machine guns, battleships, airplanes, and cannon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR DECISION to include more literary material—and the change to a monthly date of issue involved therein—receives this hearty endorsement:—

12 CARLETON STREET
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

TO THE EDITOR:—

I have been a reader of THE LIVING AGE for well over thirty years, and my father read it before that—and now my children, who are of college age and habit, are also reading it regularly. I like to think that it has been an important factor in the education of this whole family, by giving us, I hope, a 'world' viewpoint and sympathy which even the best of our purely 'American' periodicals are unable to offer.

I followed your modernistic vagaries and experiments of a few years ago with some misgiving; and perhaps it is needless to say that I rejoiced when you returned to the old ways and the original plan of the old 'Littell.' So now when I read in 'The Guide Post' that you are considering another step 'backward,'—which is really, after all, a step forward,—that is, giving a purely literary article again in each issue, I hasten to indorse this idea, in the hope that many more of your readers will do likewise.

And the *monthly* is a good thought, too. You *can* round up the subjects that are uppermost with more room to present them; and at the same time find room for *literature*, too.

We get the history and politics pretty well in *Current History* and similar magazines, but I know of no periodical that gives us Continental or Oriental *literature* at present. I think we need it, and I'm sure we'll like it.

So more power to you—may you live forever.

Cordially yours,
THOMAS A. BARRETT

The appearance of Louis Guilaine's article on 'Pan-America and Pan-Europe' in our July 15th issue moved our esteemed friend, L. S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union, to write a letter to the editor of *Le Temps*, in which the article was originally published. Mr. Rowe was kind enough to send us a copy of this letter, in the course of which he calls attention to the fact that we ourselves pointed out some of the misstatements made by M. Guilaine. Addressing the editor of *Le Temps*, Mr. Rowe said:—

PAN AMERICAN UNION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR:—

It is not often that I undertake to make reply to newspaper articles, but your readers are being misled to such an extent by the article of M. Louis Guilaine that I feel constrained to send at least a brief word of protest. His article on 'Pan-America and Pan-Europe,' published in *Le Temps* and reproduced in the United States in translation in a magazine entitled THE LIVING AGE, is so full of misconceptions and misstatements that in order to make adequate reply it would be necessary to comment on almost every sentence contained in the article.

Even the editors of THE LIVING AGE find themselves compelled to print a footnote, stating that M. Guilaine was not accurate in his statement when he said 'the restrictive legislation on immigration in the United States applies indiscriminately to members of the Pan American Union exactly as it does to other countries.' As a matter of fact, this is a most misleading statement in view of the fact that the quota system has not been applied to any country of the American continent.

In order not to trespass too much on your time, I will select but a few of the misleading statements made by M. Guilaine. He states, for instance: 'In the economic sphere, the Pan American Union has introduced North American financial control into most of the southern republics.' As a matter of fact, the Pan American Union has not had the remotest relations with any of the financial arrangements entered into between bankers in the United States and governments of Latin America.

M. Guilaine makes the following further statement: 'Latin America, far from drawing any corresponding advantages from this con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinental league, has to bear all the burdens.' It would only be necessary to make inquiry of any of the governments of Latin America to prove that this is a complete distortion of fact. If the author refers to financial 'burdens,' it is only necessary to point out that the Pan American Union is supported by quotas paid by the respective governments in proportion to population, and the United States, by reason of its large population, contributes approximately 56 per cent toward the total budget.

On the other hand, as regards the activities of the Pan American Union, the United States does not occupy any position of special privilege. During the ten years that I have served as Director General of the Pan American Union, I have been constantly impressed with the earnest desire of every one connected with the Government of the United States, and especially the Secretary of State, to emphasize the principle of equality of states in the activities of the Pan American Union. I am certain that every member of the Governing Board of the Pan American Union will bear me out in the statement that in the deliberations of the Board, the Government of the United States almost without exception defers to the wishes of the other countries, members of the Pan American Union.

As one who has a real and deep feeling of affection for France and who is a graduate of one of France's leading institutions of learning, I cannot help but regret that a great newspaper like *Le Temps* should be unwittingly led to give so false an impression of the nature and activities of the Pan American Union.

Very sincerely yours,

L. S. Rowe
Director General

Coming as it does from a former editor and publisher, the letter that follows is extremely gratifying. Mr. Hamilton combines cordial good will and exceptional felicity of expression with sound practical advice:—

South Los Robles Avenue
Pasadena, California

To the Editor:—

More than fifty years ago, as assistant librarian of the State University in Iowa, I had the pleasure of indexing a complete set of Littell's Living Age; the result of my work, alas! a few years later going the way of all the earth when the library was destroyed by fire. Off and on, as the years have gone by, I have renewed the acquaintance; and I must admit that when the magazine blossomed out in a new and showy format—so like all the rest of our American magazines but one or two—I mourned as one who had lost an old friend. Now, as that old sweetheart has come to life again, only far better than ever, I have had renewed joy in its new life and astonishing editorial skill in finding and felicity in translating into vivid English so much that is thrillingly interesting in European periodicals. Haven't you lately added a magician to your staff?

Now, as a former editor and publisher of several Middle Western newspapers, farm journals, and not very high class magazines, let me add my word about changes and commercial possibilities. I should by all means retain the present wide measure and beautiful typography and can see no objection to doubling the size and making it monthly. There is hardly enough of it for the single sitting by which I now read it from cover to cover, with growing surprise at its sustained uniformity of interest at a high level. But I think publication of even one article in the original, unless accompanied by English translation in parallel column and the space 'thrown in,' would be a handicap. Such a product as you are now turning out needs only aggressive circulation management, it seems to me, with sufficient capital to keep the home fires burning one or two years, to push it into commercial success.

Cordially yours,

John J. Hamilton

Here is another old subscriber who has kind words to say of the magazine as now published:—

The Rafters, Osterville
Cape Cod, Massachusetts

To the Editor:—

The Living Age is a perfect sheet to hold while reading—light, good type, no advertisements, good paper. No matter whether it comes once a month, or twice, please do not change its shape.

Yours truly,

George M. Sicard

My father was a subscriber forty years ago; I still carry on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMING EVENTS

Austria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 12, festival commemorating the founding of the Republic.
BADEN. September 21, historic festivals.
KLOSTERNEUBURG. November 15, St. Leopold's Day, popular festival.
SEMMERING. September 14, International Automobile and Motorcycle Races.
VIENNA. September 7–13, International Fair; *20*, Regatta on the Danube.

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 26, Name Day of King Albert.
LIÉGE. November 3, St. Hubert's Day.

Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 3, Anniversary of Accession of Tsar Boris III; *November 1*, Rilski Day.

Canada

JASPER. September 13–20, Silver Totem Pole Trophy Tournament.
TORONTO. August 22–September 6, Canadian National Exhibition.

Canary Islands

LA LAGUNA. September 1, Fêtes.

Czechoslovakia

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 28, Independence Day; *November 8*, Memorial Day.
PRAGUE. September 6–8, World Championship of Women's Sports.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. September 13, final summer festivals at Tivoli Gardens; *October 20*, Old Folks' Day.

England

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 5, Guy Fawkes Day.
LEICESTER. October 10–11, Competitive Music Festival.
LIVERPOOL. September 14–20, Railway Centenary Celebration.
LONDON. November 9, Day of the Lord Mayor's Show.
NOTTINGHAM. October 2–4, Goose Fair.
SCARBOROUGH. September 3–12, Cricket Festival.

France

ANNECY. September 1–8, Fair and Exposition.
AUDIERNE. September 25, Pardon.
AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.
CASMARET. September 1, Pardons.
CHÂTEAULIN. September 1, Pardons.
DAOULAS. September 1, Pardons.
LYON. November 9, Horticultural Exposition.
PAU. September 21, Automobile Races.
PONT L'ABBÉ. September 22, Pardon.
PARIS. October 2–12, Automobile Show; *5*, Races at Longchamps; *19*, Races at Longchamps; *November 1*, opening of the Autumn Salon; *21*, St. Catherine's Girls' Procession.
SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. October 21, Pilgrimage and Fête.
STRASBOURG. September 8–25, Fair and Exposition.
VERNON. September 28, Automobile Races.

Germany

BAD DÜRKHEIM. September 13, Wine Festival.
BERLIN. October 1, Centennial Celebration of the State Museums.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OBERAMMERGAU. September 3, 7, 10, 14, 21, 28, Passion Play.

GREECE

ATHENS. October 1, Panhellenic Exhibition; 10th International Byzantine Congress.

HAWAII

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 20, Regatta Day.

HOLLAND

THE HAGUE. September 16, opening of the Houses of Parliament by the Queen.
ROTTERDAM. September 4, Philatelic Exhibition.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 6, Memorial Day.
BUDAPEST. September 8, International Congress of Architects.

IRELAND

BELFAST. September 6, Ulster Motor Cycle Grand Prix.
CURRAGH. September 16–18, races; *October 21–23,* races.
PORTMARNOCK. September 8–13, Irish Amateur Open Golf Championship.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. September 20, Conquest of Rome; *October 12,* Discovery of America; *November 1,* All Saints' Day.
ASSISI. October 4, Feast of St. Francis, with procession of relics of the saint.
CREMONA. September 21, International Auto Race.
MANTUA. October 15, Virgil Commemoration.
MONZA. September 7, International Auto Race.
NAPLES. September 7–8, Feast of Piedigrotta; *19,* Feast of St. Janarius.
VENICE. November 21, Feast of the Madonna della Salute.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. September 23, Festival of the Autumnal Equinox; *October 17,* Harvest Thanksgiving; *November 3,* Meiji Setsu; *23,* Second Harvest Festival.

PALESTINE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. September 23, 24, Jewish New Year; *October 2,* Day of Atonement; *7, 14,* Feast of Tabernacles.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 3, Secession from Colombia; *28,* Anniversary of Independence from Spain.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 5, Establishment of the Portuguese Republic.

RUMANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. September 14, Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross; *October 26,* Feast of Saint Demetrius.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 7, 8, Anniversary of Proletarian Revolution.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH. November 12, National Radio Exhibition.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. September 30, Siamese Half Year; *October 23,* King Chulalongkorn Memorial Day;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 8, Birthday of H. M. the King of Siam.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 12, Columbus Day; *24*, Queen's Birthday Celebrations.
AVILA. October 5, Fêtes.
BARCELONA. September 24, Our Lady of Mercy's Day.
CASTELLON. September 1, Patron Saint's Fête opens.
CORDOBA. September 15–27, Fair and Fête; *October 24*, Fête of San Rafael.
GRANADA. October 12, Fête of the Race.
LAGARTERA. October 5, Fête.
LEON. September 29, Fêtes of San Miguel.
MADRID. October 2, Autumn Horse Races begin.
MURCIA. September 1–14, Bullfights, Fairs, and Fêtes.
SALAMANCA. September 8–21, Fêtes, Bullfights, Fireworks.
SAN SEBASTIAN. September 7, Regattas and Races.
SEVILLE. September 29, Fêtes of San Miguel.
TOLEDO. October 5, Fête.
VALLADOLID. September 15–24, Fair and Fête.
ZARAGOZA. October 11–21, Fête in honor of the Virgin del Pilar.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 6, Gustavus Adolphus Day.
STOCKHOLM. September 6–28, Aëroplane Exhibition; *7*, Grand Scout Show; *19–25*, Swedish Horticultural Exhibition; *October 13*, Blind People's Day.

SWITZERLAND

MONTREUX. October 25, Flower Exhibition.
NEUCHÂTEL. October 5, Vintage Fête with Pageant.
ZÜRICH. September 6–10, International Congress of Photogrammetry.

THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

than of the foreign rule to which they are subject.

AS A contributor to the *Spectator* points out, Scandinavia includes such an intelligent group of states that they do nothing exciting, and thus we tend to ignore the most enlightened portion of Europe. As a companion piece to this tribute we also print a description of Sweden by William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*.

WE MIGHT have included Dean Inge's discussion of modern Christianity along with our English articles, for it meets some of the points raised by Mr. Churchill's attack on contemporary religion. The material is to appear in the course of a forthcoming book which its author describes as his last serious intellectual effort.

SINCE the War, as well as during it, German chemistry has won the admiration of the world by its amazing synthetic discoveries. A visitor from Vienna describes the mushroom city of Leuna, where artificial fertilizer and artificial coal are being made by an army of some twenty thousand robots. Europe has not, perhaps, developed mass production to the extent that we have in America, but in technical improvements we still have much to learn from the Old World and this picture of an 'artificial city' may be a more accurate foretaste of the future than Detroit or Chicago.

SEVERAL collections of Marcel Proust's correspondence are already proving the sensation of the literary season in Paris. The three unpublished letters that we present show Proust at an anxious moment of his career. He is arranging for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the publication, at his own expense, of his monumental masterpiece and shows himself as nervous and complicated as any of the characters he ever created.

TO ALL our older readers the name of Leopold Weiss is pleasantly familiar. He has been living in Arabia now for years on end, consorting with King Ibn Saud and visiting remote cities and endless deserts where few white men have penetrated. What he writes is not travel material in the usual sense—certainly the places he describes will not be likely to attract tourists for many a day. He is, rather, a great master of prose and a keen observer of men and places. Even in translation the vigor and originality of his style survives.

DR. ERICH PODACH is the author of a book on Nietzsche called *Nietzsche Zusammenbruch* which has caused a real sensation in Germany. In it he drew in part from a masterly biography of Nietzsche written by the French scholar, Andler, and likewise used fresh material showing that Nietzsche was in love with Cosima Wagner and that this thwarted passion not only caused his breach with Wagner but even helped to drive him mad. Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, sister and biographer of the philosopher, has attempted to refute Dr. Podach's assertions and his article contains his most recent justification of his cause.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, author of *The Bluebird* and of two books on termites and bees, has now written up the life of the ant. The book is incontestably a masterpiece and we present a lively review of it by Léon Daudet, who has attracted more fame as a French Royalist than as the representative of a great literary family. He is, however, an able critic in his own right and finds time to write whole books of essays when he is not skipping out of jail or otherwise ridiculing the authorities of the Third Republic.

JUST a word about our departments. 'Persons and Personages' contains two quite remarkable features—one an appreciation of Aldous Huxley written by André Maurois as a preface to the French translation of *Point Counter Point*, the other an interview with Conan Doyle held only a few days before he died. We shall continue in this department to give intimate and timely glimpses of the human beings whose activities form the stuff of which foreign literature and statecraft are made.

AS FOR 'Books Abroad,' it is a time-honored LIVING AGE feature which was only omitted from our semimonthly issues because we did not have the space to do it justice. Henceforth, however, we hope to give several long reviews of significant foreign books, many of which will be appearing in this country and all of which have aroused interest abroad. Of those reviewed in our current issue, for instance, *Bengal Lancer*, by F. Yeats-Brown, is being brought out by the Viking Press in early September and it is only a question of time before Paul Morand's *Champions du monde*, his first novel containing an all-American cast, appears over here. Incidentally, his book on New York is being brought out by Henry Holt within the month.

WE SHOULD like to call special attention to a letter from Mr. L. S. Rowe, Director of the Pan American Union, that appears in our 'Correspondence' department. Mr. Rowe, a regular reader of the LIVING AGE, replies to a recent article that we translated from *Le Temps* in Paris, entitled 'Pan-America and Pan-Europe,' by Louis Guilaine. The reply, addressed to the editor of *Le Temps*, amplifies some of the statements that we made in presenting the article.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND PEACE

No one now disputes the necessity of international coöperation. The policy of splendid isolation is no longer sense. To-day no nation can live to itself and no sane nation desires to do so. Therefore, I would say, 'Be of good courage, we are winning.' —*Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary.*

You Americans will be told very often that the League of Nations and the whole system of peaceful settlement of all conflicts it implies are sure to win and you are prone to give credence to such assertions because in 1919–1920 you were led to believe that the League of Nations was a superstate with powerful means of action at its command. Don't believe one word of it. The League of Nations is hardly more than a conference of governments, more or less permanent, it is true, but which can end in deadlocks and failures in the same way as all international conferences.—*'Pertinax,' foreign editor of the 'Echo de Paris.'*

One fact stares our peacemakers so hard and so persistently in the face that they are quite unable to return its glare. They rush about patronizing, sentimentalizing, pacting and leaguing and handing each other olive branches, manifestly with a common understanding that this obtrusive, conspicuous fact is to be ignored. This disregarded challenge is that Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and Japan have all the necessary power, moral, material, and financial, to impose peace upon the seas, oceans, and waterways of the world, and that, with the coöperation of Russia, the absolute cessation of warfare throughout the world could be decreed now. No other Power need even be consulted.—*H. G. Wells.*

Self-determination is a brave word, but it would be an ignoble word if it thought only of self. Interdependence is the law of the universe, from the atoms to the stars. Our supreme national achievement has been the demonstration of the practicability of federation on a large scale.—*Dr. John H. Finley of the 'New York Times' in an address to the National Education Association.*

One of our greatest aims is to secure peace for the world. The great and small nations of the world should have learned much during the last few years as to the economic consequences of a great war on their industrial and financial structures. It is not only the vanquished that suffer most in the peace after the war. On the contrary, countries that are victorious very often suffer equally with the vanquished in their industrial life. Let the nations of the world take warning and profit by these lessons. Another great war in Europe to-day or to-morrow would pull us all down into the flames of ruin and disintegration. The façade of civilization would crack and crumble under the strain of universal bankruptcy, and we should find ourselves back in the welter of anarchy that existed in Russia in 1918.—*The Duke of Sutherland.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED